

# THE HAPPY-THOUGHT STORY BOOK

BERTHA M. HALL





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THE  
HAPPY-THOUGHT  
STORY BOOK







"OH, I COULDN'T EAT A LAUGHING PIG!" SAID BETTY.

*Page 14.*



# THE HAPPY-THOUGHT STORY BOOK

by  
BERTHA M. HALL



Illustrated by Florence Liley Young

LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD CO.

BOSTON

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THE HAPPY-THOUGHT STORY BOOK



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# THE HAPPY-THOUGHT STORY BOOK

## THE LAUGHING PIG

**S**ATURDAY was a wonderful day to little Betty Alden, because all sorts of things were likely to happen on that day. Daddy was sure to bring her something in his pocket, or in a funny-looking bundle. Sometimes it was a flat bundle, and sometimes a long, slim one. The Saturday before, he had brought her a small broom, and to-day she was going to help Mother by sweeping the piazza and steps.

## *The Happy-Thought Story Book*

There was another reason why Betty liked Saturdays. She was very fond of her doll-babies, and had the whole 'day in which to take care of them. But, best of all, Saturday was baking day! Betty's mother could make gingerbread boys, and wonderful saucer pies. On special days, Betty had a dainty, frosted cake all her own.

Betty trundled her dolls back and forth in front of the house until they were fast asleep. Then she pushed the carriage under the lilac-bushes, where it was shady, and left them.

"I'm going to sweep now," Betty told her mother, as she reached for her broom.

"All right," called Mrs. Alden. "Be sure to make your broom go into the corners."



## *The Laughing Pig*

After Betty had swept the front piazza, she went around to the back of the house, walking softly past the lilac-bushes. Running up the steps, she sniffed the warm air coming from the kitchen.

“Seem’s if I smell cookies, Mother!” And Betty flattened her nose against the screen door.

“No,” said her mother, “you smell a spice-cake I’ve just made for Daddy. But I’m going to make cookies, and pies, too. Would you like to make some thimble-cookies?”

“My twin babies are asleep, Mother. They’re under the lilacs, and I might not hear them, if they should wake up and cry.”

“Very well; suppose I give you a surprise to-day,” said Mrs. Alden, as she

## *The Happy-Thought Story Book*

began to break some eggs into a bowl.

“O goody, goody!” cried Betty, dancing around with her broom. “I’ll wait out here until you call me.”

Mrs. Alden mixed the dough for the cookies. After cutting out enough to fill her pans, she slowly rolled out what was left.

“I wonder what Betty would like!” she thought. Then her eyes twinkled, and she began to use her knife.

“I hope the heat will bulge out his sides, and put a kink in his tail,” she said to herself, as the “surprise” went into the oven.

Half an hour later, Betty heard her mother laughing.

“Is it ready?” shouted Betty.

“Yes,” answered her mother. “Come and see if you like it.”

## *The Laughing Pig*

Mrs. Alden laid the "surprise cookie" on a white cloth to cool, and Betty climbed up in a chair to look at it.

"Isn't that the sweetest pig!" she said happily, resting her plump little arms on the table. "He's so fat, too! And—why, Mother, he's laughing!"

"Yes," said Betty's mother, "he's laughing. He looks as though he had played a merry trick on us, while in the oven, and wanted everybody to laugh with him."

Just then, the grocer-boy came in. Saturday was a long day for Tom. He had to work hard, and had no time to play.

"Look, Tom!" and Mrs. Alden pointed to the table. "Here's something to make you cheerful for the rest of the day."

## *The Happy-Thought Story Book*

Tom stared at the cookie. And a wide, boyish grin lighted up his face.

"A laughing pig! He must have had a jolly time in the oven," he exclaimed. "How much will you take for him, Betty?" and Tom pulled a handful of loose change from his pocket.

Betty smiled and shook her head at Tom's joke. No amount of money could buy that pig!

"I'll not forget that cookie all day, Mrs. Alden," he said, picking up his basket, and they heard him laughing, as he ran down the walk and drove away.

When lunch time came, Mrs. Alden put the cookie on the table beside her little daughter's plate.

"Oh, I couldn't eat a laughing pig!" said Betty, standing him up against the



## *The Laughing Pig*

sugar bowl. "Would you want to, Mother?"

"No," said her mother, "we can make better use of him than that. When you go to the laundry to get Daddy's collars, you may take the pig with you. We'll put him in a small basket, and I'm sure you'll meet some one who needs to laugh."

"My, what fun! You do think of the nicest things, Mother!"

So Betty and her laughing pig started out on a pilgrimage. She had not gone far before she met a little girl, who was crying because she had fallen down.

Betty stopped in front of her, and held out the basket. "Marjorie," she said, "just see what I've got!"

Marjorie wiped her eyes with the back of her hand, and peeped into the

## *The Happy-Thought Story Book*

basket. With a look of wonder, she rubbed her eyes again.

“Why, Betty,” she giggled. “It’s a pig cookie, and he’s laughing!”

“So are you,” cried Betty. “Isn’t it fun to see a pig laugh?”

When Betty got to the corner of the street, she turned around and Marjorie waved her hand. “I’ll tell Mother about it!” she shouted.

A little farther along was Uncle Abe’s fruit-stand. The boys had been teasing him, and he eyed Betty crossly as she walked over to him. But Betty was not afraid. She thought he needed to laugh, and sliding the cover off the basket, she held it out to him.

Uncle Abe looked at her round, dimpled face; then took the basket in his big, brown hands. A smile soon

## *The Laughing Pig*

chased away the frown when he saw what was in it.

“Ha, ha, ha! A laughing pig!” exclaimed Uncle Abe, slapping his knee. “I’ve seen a dog laugh, but I never saw a pig laugh before.”

Still chuckling, he went over to the fruit-stand, and picked out two rosy-cheeked apples. Putting them into a bag, he pointed to a window across the street where a child was sitting.

“That’s Mary Lee, and she’s alone all day because her mother goes to work,” said Uncle Abe. “You go over and give her one of these apples, and let her see your funny pig.”

A few minutes later, two small heads were bending over the basket. Uncle Abe rubbed his hands together in a pleased way, as the children’s laughter

## *The Happy-Thought Story Book*

reached him. "The very next time those boys bother me, I'm going to think of that laughing pig!"

After leaving little Mary Lee, Betty trudged along until she came to an open field, where the boys were allowed to play ball. Two boys were rolling and tumbling on the grass. At first, she thought they were playing; but no, they were quarreling! What should she do? Betty looked at her basket, and walking over to the boys, held out her "surprise." One tousled head bobbed up, and then the other.

"What yer got?" asked the older boy with a scowl.

"Take a peek!" said Betty invitingly. As the boys sat up, she placed the basket between them, and slid off the cover.

## *The Laughing Pig*

“Whew, Jim, isn’t that the funniest thing,—a laughing pig!”

Jim peered into the basket. “It sure is!” he said, lifting a face wreathed in smiles. “Did you make it?” he asked Betty.

“No, Mother put him in the oven, and he came out laughing. And he smiles at everybody who looks in the basket,” she added, turning from one boy to the other.

The boys grinned at each other, and Betty, feeling sure that they were friends again, took her wonderful pig and started for home.

That night, Betty had a long story to tell her Daddy when she showed him her “surprise cookie.”

“Everybody had to laugh, Daddy,



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when they looked at my pig!" concluded Betty, as she put him back in the basket.

"And everybody forgot, too," said her Daddy. "Marjorie forgot to cry. Uncle Abe forgot to be cross. The little girl forgot she was alone. And the boys forgot to quarrel."

Betty snuggled closer against her father, the basket held fast in her arms.

"Wasn't it nice, Daddy," she said softly, "that my pig had just the kind of a smile to make so many people happy?"

This story originally appeared in "The Christian Science Monitor."



## JANET'S FIRST UMBRELLA

**T**HE weather was so warm, one bright morning in early spring, that the doors of a big department store had been thrown wide open. April breezes danced in and out, fluttering the handkerchiefs and laces. The sun streamed across the floor, making a path of gold in front of the counter, on which were a pile of children's umbrellas.

A dark blue silk umbrella lay near the bottom of the pile.

"O dear!" sighed the little umbrella, trying to wiggle into another place. "It's awful to have so many brothers and

## *The Happy-Thought Story Book*

sisters that you can't get away from them. How I wish somebody would buy me!"

"No one needs an umbrella on a bright, sunshiny day like this," said a little black umbrella.

"But look at this ivory ring on my handle! That ought to bring a sale. It is just right for a small hand to slip through. Wouldn't you like to keep a nice little girl dry on her way to school?"

"No," snickered the black umbrella, "I'm a boy's umbrella. Don't you see my straight handle? No folderols for me!"

Just then a young man and a white-haired lady stopped at the counter.

"Will you please show me some chil-

## *Janet's First Umbrella*

dren's umbrellas?" the young man asked. The old lady quickly added "We want a pretty one."

"For how old a child?" inquired the clerk.

"Eight years," said the gentleman.

"Her name is Janet," chimed in the lady, "and I'm her great-grandmother."

The clerk smiled, and the blue silk umbrella murmured:

"Such a pleasant voice! I wish she could see me with this ivory ring! If I could only get on top, I'm sure there would be a sale!"

"I don't want them to see me," whispered the black umbrella. "I'd rather stay here than get soaking wet."

The little black umbrella, however, was pulled out with a jerk and held up

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for inspection. The lady shook her head. Stepping back away from the counter, she looked over the pile.

“Oh, here is one!” she said, chuckling. “Look, John, this has a handle just like a lady’s. Janet will like that.”

The clerk removed some of my brothers and sisters, and opened me up. I was wrinkled, of course, but they didn’t seem to notice that.

“Our Janet always comes home from school on rainy days with her face as wet as the flowers after an April shower. She loves the rain, but I think she’ll love this blue umbrella, too.” And the lady caressed me in a loving way.

I longed to tell them how hard I would try to keep Janet dry, but we are not allowed to talk when the clerk is

## *Janet's First Umbrella*

making a sale. So I just waited while they twirled me around, and opened and shut me several times.

At last, they decided to buy me, and I was wrapped up and tied, as though they thought I would do my best to get away. I wanted to see where I was going, but the heavy paper made it seem like night, and a good time to take a nap.

After a while I awoke. I knew I was riding in something. When I left the factory where I was put together, I rode on a Ford truck and then on the train. But this was quite different! I guessed it was one of those limousines that often stopped in front of the store. I lay still until the car drew up to a curb, then a big hand picked me up, squeezing my ribs together, until I almost squealed.

I wondered how soon I would see



## *The Happy-Thought Story Book*

Janet! But the lady took me upstairs, and I was put in a dark closet. My, how stuffy it was behind all those clothes! I could scarcely breathe with the paper on. At last a light peeped under the door. Then I heard voices. Janet had come in to bid her grandmother "good-night."

"Daddy says it is going to rain tomorrow, Grandma. It's just fun to go to school in the rain!"

"When Grandma was a little girl, they used to say 'April showers bring Mayflowers.' I hope it will rain, too, because the rain often brings other things beside Mayflowers."

"What other things, Grandma?"

"You wait and see!" said she with a knowing smile, as she kissed Janet. I knew she was thinking of me, and won-





JANET AND I STARTED FOR SCHOOL.--Page 27.



## *Janet's First Umbrella*

dered if Janet would like to carry a blue silk umbrella.

Sure enough, the next morning it was pouring, and just before Janet started for school, I was taken out of the closet and carried downstairs.

Janet's father cut the strings, and in a twinkling, Janet had pulled off the paper. Then she held me by the handle, and looked me over for a long minute. How her eyes danced! I wanted Janet to like me, but I could see that she would give me some careless handling. She was one of those children who hop and skip most of the time.

So Janet and I started for school, and we had a dizzy time of it. In looking up to see if I were over her head, she walked off the curbing twice, and I landed in the mud. But the rain

## *The Happy-Thought Story Book*

washed the mud away, and we arrived safely at school.

I was put in a rack with several other wet umbrellas, and was quite proud to be the only one with an ivory ring. Some of the children took hold of me, and said:

“What a pretty umbrella!”

I was sorry it had stopped raining by the time school was out, for I felt sure it would be much worse going home. I thought Janet might forget me; but when she went by the rack, I was grabbed by the ring, and dragged down the steps.

Janet was so happy that I tried not to mind the bumps. But, when she began to skip, bouncing me up and down on the sidewalk at every step, I didn't like



## *Janet's First Umbrella*

it at all. Pavements are the hardest things I know about!

Then something queer happened. One of the children came up behind Janet, snatched me away, and ran down the street.

Janet screamed but it didn't do any good. We turned a corner, and went so fast that I didn't dare look around. I slept under the steps of a piazza all night. I knew my color wouldn't run, but every umbrella likes to be dry and folded up. I couldn't fold myself up, so I had to stay there and make the best of it.

In the morning, a little girl with very black eyes drew me out of my hiding-place. I could tell that she liked me by the way she smoothed my silk folds, and

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slipped her hand through the ring. Then she put me back and ran off.

The next morning she did the same thing. The third morning, a lady came with her, and the little girl was crying.

“Nancy,” the lady said, “how could you do such a thing?”

Nancy sobbed, and held me close to her, but her mother took me away.

“This umbrella must go back to its owner, Nancy. You couldn’t be happy with another little girl’s umbrella.”

Nancy kept on crying as they walked along, and I heard her say:

“I’m sorry, Mother; do you think Janet will be sorry, too?”

“We’ll see,” replied Nancy’s mother.

It was not long before I heard Janet’s laughing voice, and she ran to meet us. She seemed surprised to see me, and



## *Janet's First Umbrella*

then she looked at Nancy's flushed face. All at once she understood. Running to Nancy's side, she said:

"Some day, when it rains, I'll walk home with you, and let you carry the blue-silk umbrella all the way."

Nancy smiled through her tears, and friendliness shone from both the children's faces.

Nancy and Janet are fast friends. One day, when Nancy was caught in the rain, Janet loaned me to her, and I had to stay all night, but not under the steps. Sometimes I feel as though Janet were getting to be such a big girl that she is growing away from me, but I'm going to keep her dry just as long as she will carry me.

This story originally appeared in "The Christian Science Monitor."

## THE LITTLE RED BATHING-SUIT

“**W**ISH Daddy would let me go swimming by myself! Wish I could do what I want to!”

Donald Leigh was talking to himself. He had a slender stick in his hand, and as he came toward the house in a zigzag way, he switched every bush and tree in his path.

“Seem’s if I’d never grow up!” he muttered again, as he switched the last bush.

Betsy McCloud, who had been in the Leigh family since Donald was a baby, was watching him from the kitchen window.

“Hm!” thought Betsy, shaking her

## *The Little Red Bathing-Suit*

head. "Wonder what Donald's wishing for. But perhaps he's hungry!"

Throwing aside the stick, Donald went into the cool kitchen. Betsy was using the soap-shaker in a pan of water. Donald edged along the sink until he stood beside her.

"It's 'n awful hot day, Betsy," said Donald, with a deep sigh.

Betsy kept on beating the water. Donald looked at the growing pile of white foam, and when suds came up over the top of the pan, she turned a beaming face to her small visitor.

"This kind of weather makes things grow, sonny."

"Wish it would make me grow, Betsy!"

"But you grow summer and winter, too."

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“Am I a lot bigger’n I was last summer?” asked Donald eagerly.

“O my, yes! You were only up to my elbow then, but now,”—and Betsy laughed as Donald suddenly straightened up,—“*Now*, you’re half-way to my shoulder.”

“Then don’t you think I’m big enough to go swimming by myself?” he asked wistfully.

“So that’s why the bushes got switched,” thought Betsy.

“No, child, not yet,” answered Betsy soberly. “Why, you’re only eleven!”

“That’s what Daddy always says: ‘Not yet.’ ”

Donald went to the screen door, and looked out. He could see his little red bathing-suit hanging on the line, and it seemed to say:

## *The Little Red Bathing-Suit*

“Why don’t you come and get me!  
Why don’t you come and get me!”

Betsy, too, saw the little red bathing-suit. Then she asked, her eyes twinkling,—

“Would a nice, blackberry turnover help any?”

“Oh, Betsy, you’re not fooling? I thought you gave me the last one!”

Betsy grinned at Donald’s eagerness. “You go into the pantry, look under that yellow bowl on the second shelf, and see what you find.”

“Mmmmmmm! this is good,” mumbled Donald, between bites. “Taste’s better’n the other four, Betsy.”

“Did you have *four*?” exclaimed Betsy. “So that’s where they went.”

“Uh-huh, I could eat six!”

“Boys do beat all! Why, sonny, if



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you were as tall as the pile of turnovers you've eaten one time or another, you'd be a man right now."

Donald laughed gleefully. "I'm glad you slid that turnover under the bowl, Betsy," he said, licking his fingers for the last crumb.

Having finished his turnover, Donald went out of doors again, and down the driveway, scuffing his bare toes in the dirt. Before he had gone far, he heard his name called. Looking up, he saw two little figures in overalls, standing at the entrance.

"Hello, Benny and Joe!" Donald shouted joyfully, running toward them. "Where you going?"

"Just over in Parker's lot berryin' and swimmin'," said Benny. "Want to go along?"





LOOKING UP, HE SAW TWO LITTLE FIGURES IN OVERALLS.

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## *The Little Red Bathing-Suit*

“Oh, yes,” replied Donald. “Wait till I get a pail and some lunch.” And he hurried back to the house.

“Hey!” called Benny. “Bring your bathin’-suit.”

Betsy was nowhere to be seen. Donald helped himself to some bananas and doughnuts. When he came out again, pail in hand, the little red bathing-suit caught his eye.

“Why don’t you come and get me! Why don’t you come and get me!” it seemed to say, louder than before.

Donald sat down on the top step, dangling the pail between his knees. He was not happy. It was such a wonderful day for swimming! And he couldn’t keep his eyes away from the red bathing-suit.

“I’m as big as Benny. He’s going

*The Happy-Thought Story Book*

in, why can't I? No one would know!"

Donald shut his eyes tight to keep back the tears, and then he remembered something.

"Daddy's going to trust you, Donald, not to go swimming alone."

How dear his father had looked when he said it!

Opening his eyes, Donald gazed squarely at the little red bathing-suit, swinging back and forth in the wind. They glistened with the tears he had kept back, but there was a new light in them.

"Good-bye, little red bathing-suit," he shouted, as he bounded back to Benny and Joe, who were waiting for him under the trees.

It was only a short distance to Park-



## *The Little Red Bathing-Suit*

er's lot, and soon all three children were busy filling their pails with berries. When they stopped to rest, Benny said:

“Let's go in swimmin' before we eat.”

Donald made no move to get ready.

“What's the matter? Didn't you bring a bathin'-suit?” asked Benny, with a frown.

“I can only wade with little Joe, Benny.”

“Wade!” exclaimed Benny. “Say, don't be a sissy! Your father won't know.”

The water looked so cool and inviting. “I suppose he wouldn't unless something happened. But your mother's got nine, Benny, and Daddy's only got me. Besides,” Donald was firm now, “Daddy trusts me, Benny.”



## *The Happy-Thought Story Book*

The two boys looked steadily at each other for a moment. Then, with a shrug of his shoulders, Benny said:

“All right, you can wade with Joe, if you want to. But just watch me!” And Benny stripped off his overalls, and made a dash for the water.

As the boys were hungry, they 'didn't spend much time in the water. After lunch, they frolicked in the grass, and before they knew it, all three were fast asleep.

Donald was the first to wake up. He heard a long, low rumble, and dark clouds were rolling and tumbling over each other.

“Benny!” cried Donald, shaking him. “There's going to be a shower.”

Benny sat up quickly, and aroused little Joe. “We'll have to go around the

## *The Little Red Bathing-Suit*

other side of the hill to Parker's shack," he said.

The two larger boys took little Joe between them, and started on a run. Once Benny stubbed his toe, and they all went down together; but they soon found the shack, and a dry place to stay until the shower was over.

Donald's father and mother drove into the yard just as it began to rain. Betsy ran out to meet them.

"I don't know where Donald is," she exclaimed, with tears in her voice.

"Did he ask to go anywhere?" inquired Mrs. Clark, hastening towards her.

"No," answered Betsy, "but he did wish he could go swimming."

"Swimming!" cried Donald's mother.  
"Oh, Betsy!"

## *The Happy-Thought Story Book*

Mr. Clark got out of the car. As he came up the walk, he saw something that made his heart glad.

“Don’t worry!” he said, looking first at Donald’s mother, and then at Betsy. “Wherever Donald is, he’s minding his Daddy,” and he pointed to the little red bathing-suit, which the wind was tossing about.

As soon as the shower was over, Donald hurried home. He ate a hearty supper, but he didn’t talk much. When Betsy brought his dessert, she said:

“You gave me a scare, sonny, when I found you were not here. And a shower coming up, too!”

Donald put sugar on his pudding, until it looked snow-capped.

“Did you think I’d gone swimming?”

## *The Little Red Bathing-Suit*

he asked, with a sidelong glance at Betsy, as she set the sugar-bowl out of reach.

“I wasn’t quite sure, but your Daddy was. You should have seen how pleased he looked when he saw your bathing-suit on the line. And say, sonny, I’m going to make some more turnovers to-morrow,” she added, patting his shoulder.

“Daddy!” called Donald later, from the top of the stairs. “I’m all ready for bed.”

Donald and his father both loved their “good-night” together. Reaching for his father’s hand, Donald pulled him down beside him, on the bed.

“Daddy,” he said, “the nicest thing in the world is for fathers to trust their little boys.”

## *The Happy-Thought Story Book*

“And the next best thing in the world,” and Donald’s father drew him close, “is for fathers to have little boys they can trust.”

Donald’s arms went around his father’s neck.

“Did that little red bathing-suit talk to you very loud, son?”

“Awful loud, Daddy,” and Donald hid his face.

Neither spoke for a few moments, until Donald looked up, and asked:

“How did you know, Daddy?”

“Why,” said his father, laughing, “I was once a little boy myself. And tomorrow,” he continued slowly, “I’m coming home early, and take you to the Lake for your first diving-lesson.”

“And let’s take Benny!” cried Donald with a hug.



## *The Little Red Bathing-Suit*

“All right, we’ll take Benny!” agreed his father.

Blissfully happy, Donald lay down, and his father snapped out the light.

“Good-night, son!”

“Good-night!” responded Donald sleepily, nestling his small round head into the pillow. “See you—in—the—morning, Daddy!”

And what do you suppose Donald dreamed? That he was diving in the Lake after those turnovers which Betsy said she was going to make.

## DAN'S PLAYMATE

**D**'AN was a beautiful Irish setter, his long, thick coat the color of a ripe chestnut. He had lived with the Forbes family since he was six months old, and had grown to be a big, well-trained dog.

There were many things that puzzled Dan as he grew older. People ordered him about from morning until night, and for some reason they never told him why. But of one thing Dan was certain, he dearly loved his master.

Every night about six o'clock, he sat on the top step of the veranda waiting for him. When the car swung into the driveway, Dan gave three short barks

## *Dan's Playmate*

of welcome. And Mr. Forbes would smile, and say to the chauffeur, "There's Dan!"

It had never occurred to Dan that his master might bring home another dog. One night, much to his surprise, his master got out of the car with a small wriggling puppy in his arms.

Instead of giving his usual joyous greeting, Dan started to walk away.

"Come here, Dan!" commanded Mr. Forbes. "Here's a playmate for you."

A playmate! Dan had never felt the need of any one to play with, and his tail stopped wagging when his master dropped the puppy at his feet. In his hurry to get acquainted, the puppy began to leap all around the big dog, and jump at his nose. Dan thought he acted very foolish, and feeling much an-

## *The Happy-Thought Story Book*

noyed, he gazed up at his master, a troubled look in his dark eyes. Mr. Forbes patted his head, then caught the prancing puppy and told the chauffeur to take him out to the garage.

Sitting down, he called Dan to him. "This puppy has come to stay, Dan," he said. "Do you suppose you can teach him to keep out of mischief?"

Dan lifted his paw, and put it into his master's outstretched hand. This was Dan's way of saying he would do the best he could.

Mr. Forbes looked earnestly into the dog's honest, loving eyes.

"You love me, don't you, Dan?" he asked. Dan's tail rapped the floor, and he gave a short, quick bark.

"All right," his master continued; "if you love me, you'll be nice to my new

## *Dan's Playmate*

dog. His name is Buster. Don't you remember, when you were a puppy, how you went nosing around into everything? You were a perfect nuisance for a while. But now, Dan," taking the dog's beautiful head between his two hands, "no one can take your place."

For a moment, the new puppy was forgotten, and Dan thought he never was so happy in his life. He longed to tell his master, but he didn't know how, except by being faithful and obedient.

Buster was kept out in the garage for a few days. He barked most of the time, for he didn't like staying alone, and he wanted to find out about his new home.

One rainy morning, he was allowed to come to the house and stay on the



## *The Happy-Thought Story Book*

veranda with Dan. After Mr. Forbes had driven away, Dan went over to his corner and lay down, his nose on his paws. He was curious to see what the puppy would do.

For a while, Buster ran up and down the walk, and into the wet grass. When he saw that Dan didn't intend to play with him, he came up on the piazza and looked in the screen door. Then he sat down and waited. Every time he saw any one moving about inside, he stood up and whined. He wondered why there was always a door or a chain to keep him from seeing things!

"You can't go in," said Dan, from his corner.

Buster looked around at Dan, and wagged his tail in a friendly way.

"Why can't I?" he barked.

## *Dan's Playmate*

"I don't know why," replied Dan, "but I know that if you get in, they'll put you out."

Buster sat down. He meant to get in if he could. Just then, some one stepped into the hall, and his little tail thumped the floor hopefully. It was Mrs. Forbes, coming out to see her flower-boxes. Buster watched his chance, and tried to slide in under the door, but Mrs. Forbes shoved him away with her foot.

"You can't go in, Buster," she said firmly.

"That's what Dan told me," he whined softly. "I wonder why!"

Then one of the maids came through the hall to shake her duster out the door. Buster tried again to get in, but this time he got a harder shove. He yelped, and

## *The Happy-Thought Story Book*

ran to the big dog for comfort. Dan lifted his head, and growled:

“What do you want to go in the house for? It’s much cooler out here.”

“Because they won’t let me,” said Buster stubbornly.

Buster heard some one else coming, and, pricking up his ears, he ran back to the screen door.

This time it was Mary, the cook. Both her hands were full, and when she pushed the door open, Buster squeezed under it. It scraped his back, but he didn’t care, for he was inside at last.

The screen door slammed. “Oh!” exclaimed Mary, “that nosey little puppy got in.”

Buster ran all around downstairs, sniffing at everything and making little wet tracks. Then he ran upstairs right

## *Dan's Playmate*

into Kate, who was using the dry mop.

"I'll fix you!" cried Kate, as she tried to chase him down again. But Buster shied and skidded on the polished floor, until he landed against the wall under the table.

"We don't allow dogs in the house, Buster. Just look at those feet!"

With one eye on Kate, Buster glanced down at his feet. They were wet and dirty, but they felt all right. Perhaps Kate would tell him why dogs couldn't come in the house! But no, Kate tried to poke him out from under the table with the mop.

As she was between him and the front stairs, Buster ran down the hall, and through what he supposed was a doorway. Alas for Buster! He went down the back stairs in a twinkling,



*The Happy-Thought Story Book*

giving himself a bump on every stair.

“Wow! Wow!” he snapped out, as he landed at the foot with a bang. He was beginning to think it was a pretty hard world!

Mary opened the kitchen door, and Buster rolled over and over the floor.

“Well, I declare!” she exclaimed, picking the puppy up and looking him over. “You came down in a hurry, didn’t you?”

Buster licked Mary’s hand, and she smiled down at him. “You’ll be a wiser dog when you grow up,” she told him.

Taking the puppy out the back way, Mary went to the garage and fastened him to a chain. Buster watched her out of sight, and then sat down.

“Dan was right; they put me out, just as he said they would. I must ask him



## *Dan's Playmate*

if he ever fell down one of those bumpy places.”

As he didn't expect to see Dan soon, he lay down and tried to sleep. But, for some reason, he didn't feel sleepy. Why couldn't Dan come out and keep him company. Buster thought he would howl.

“O dear!” sighed Dan, as he listened. “I suppose I must go and see what that puppy wants.”

Very sedately, Dan made his way to the garage. Buster jumped to the end of his chain, and Dan wisely sat down just out of his reach.

“You didn't have a good time in the house, did you?” he asked.

“No,” barked Buster, pulling at his chain. “I made funny little tracks on the floor, and Kate chased me with the

## *The Happy-Thought Story Book*

mop. Did you ever bump down a long flight of stairs, Dan?"

Dan yawned. "I've forgotten my puppy days, Buster," he said, with a serious look at his small companion. "But I've learned that folks never tell dogs why they can't do things. Sometime, you may be invited into the house, but not when it rains. And you'll get more cookies and candy, if you're a good dog, and keep out of their way. Then you won't have to be put on a chain. I'm sure of that."

After this long speech, Dan went away. The puppy hung his head, but he didn't tease Dan to stay with him. From his corner of the veranda, Dan heard the puppy bark once in a while as though he wanted company, but he resolutely closed his eyes. He loved to

## *Dan's Playmate*

dream about his master, who was always kind to him.

"Where's the puppy, Dan?" asked Mr. Forbes, when he came home.

Dan cocked his head on one side, and looked toward the garage.

"Oh, chained up, is he? Guess he got in everybody's way the first day, didn't he, Dan?"

Dan barked and ran down the steps, his master following. They found the puppy curled up on an old coat of the chauffeur's, fast asleep. Dan walked around him sniffing, and Buster opened one eye, then with a deep sigh, closed it again.

"He's trying to forget his troubles, Dan. We'll tell Mary to give him a good supper."

## *The Happy-Thought Story Book*

Dan felt his heart warming to the new puppy; he seemed so little and lonesome.

Rushing from the garage, he was soon out of sight. In a few moments, he came back with a bone he had been saving, and laid it down near the old coat.

A gentle hand rested fondly on the big dog's head, as Mr. Forbes stooped down and patted Buster.

"He's going to make a fine dog, Dan, when he learns to do as he is told."

For answer, Dan's rough tongue flicked his master's cheek; but Mr. Forbes knew that, in Dan, the new puppy had found a friend.

This story originally appeared in "The Christian Science Monitor."





HE CAME BACK WITH A BONE HE HAD BEEN SAVING.—Page 58.





## THE INVITED GUEST

**E**VER since Barbara Shaw could balance herself on her sturdy little legs, she had run, and danced, and skipped through the house, and about the beautiful grounds of her home. She danced into the kitchen and visited with Kate, the cook. She ran upstairs, and visited with Julia, the maid. And she ran, and skipped out of doors, talking with John, the gardener, and Mark, the chauffeur.

And so, one morning in May, during Barbara's fourth year in school, she came skipping into her mother's sitting-room. She was flushed and happy, as it was the first day of the spring vacation.

## *The Happy-Thought Story Book*

“Oh, Mother, may I have a party?” asked Barbara, pulling off her tam. “And may I invite twenty children this time? I had only ten last year. We have oceans of room!” she added.

Mrs. Shaw smiled at her little daughter, as she straightened the big blue bow on her hair, which her tam had flattened.

Barbara did not know that it meant a great deal of work to get ready for twenty children. The cook had gone on a visit to her sister, and Mrs. Shaw did not want to send for her. As her mother did not reply at once, Barbara, who had begun to dance when she thought of the fun twenty children could have, stopped suddenly and looked at her.

“You’re not going to say ‘No,’ are you, Mother?”

## *The Invited Guest*

"I'm going to let you choose," Mrs. Shaw answered. "You may have a party, or you may invite one of your schoolmates to spend the day with you, just as you please."

Barbara's bright face clouded, and she walked slowly over to the window. To Barbara, a party at that moment, seemed more desirable than anything else in the world.

"It would be fun to have company all by myself!" thought Barbara. Turning around, she met her mother's eyes, and smiled.

"May I do the inviting?" she inquired.

"Yes, Barbara, and you may entertain just as Mother does, when she has company."

"I think I'd love that, Mother," and

## *The Happy-Thought Story Book*

coming across the room, Barbara slipped into her mother's lap.

"Then, dear, we'll call it settled, and you may ask your guest for Thursday."

Barbara had a host of small friends. But it did not take her long to make her choice. That night when Mrs. Shaw kissed her little daughter "good-night," Barbara said:

"I'm going to invite Ellen Gray."

"Ellen Gray!" repeated her mother. "Who is Ellen Gray, Barbara?"

"She sits in front of me at school, and her father is the janitor. Ellen has a lot of brothers and sisters, Mother, but there are so many things she doesn't have. I would like Ellen to be my guest."

"And I'll help you and little Ellen to



## *The Invited Guest*

have a very happy day," said Mrs. Shaw, with approval.

The next two days passed rather slowly. But on Thursday morning, the sun danced through the East window across Barbara's bed, as though it were saying:

"Wake up! Wake up! Ellen's coming."

Before long, Barbara's eyes flew open, and she knew the wonderful day had come. For the first time, she was going to have company like grown people.

At ten o'clock, Ellen came. Barbara was on the veranda waiting for her. But the big house was so unlike the small cottage where she lived, that she felt lost as Barbara led her upstairs to meet her mother. Mrs. Shaw drew little Ellen

## *The Happy-Thought Story Book*

to her, bidding her welcome. Ellen was shy and winsome, and her eyes shone like stars as she looked first at Barbara, and then at Barbara's mother, but she did not speak.

Mrs. Shaw told the children they might pick the flowers for their table, and as it was so warm, they were to eat lunch in the summer-house. Hand in hand, they went to find John, the gardener, who was glad to help them.

Then they visited Barbara's pets. There were some six-weeks-old puppies, rabbits, white mice, and downy little chickens. Ellen wished she might play with them all day, but just as they put the last puppy back with its mother, a bell rang.

"That's to tell us lunch is ready," said Barbara. "Let's go and wash our

## *The Invited Guest*

hands, and we'll each choose a doll to eat with us. Mother said she would have the table set for four."

Ellen thought she had never seen such a pretty table. There were little tea-biscuits; thin slices of pink ham; a mold of jelly; small fancy cakes; and plenty of rich milk. What a merry time they had!

When they had finished, Barbara asked Ellen if she liked stories.

"Oh, yes," answered Ellen, who had gotten over her shyness. "Mother doesn't have much time to read, there is so much mending to do at our house."

So Barbara ran up to the nursery for a book, and they each selected a story, which Mrs. Shaw read to them. After the stories, there was still a good share of the afternoon left.

*The Happy-Thought Story Book*

Barbara skipped around a few minutes, and then asked coaxingly:

“May we do what we like, Mother?”

“Yes, if it is pleasing to Ellen. She is your guest, you know.”

“Would you like to go for a ride in the automobile?” asked Barbara.

Ellen’s eyes grew round and big, as she tightly clasped the doll she was holding.

“I’ve never been in a big, *big* car!” she answered. “And may we take the dolls?”

“Yes, indeed,” agreed Barbara readily. “And they may sit between us.”

They were soon skimming over the ground into the open country. As they turned a curve in the road, they came to a big field of daisies. Mark opened the

## *The Invited Guest*

car door, and the children got out and picked all they could carry. The dolls were obliged to sit in the bottom of the car the rest of the way.

It was a pretty picture, when two happy little girls came up on the veranda with their arms full of flowers. Barbara's father arose to meet them.

"This is Ellen Gray, Daddy," explained Barbara. "She has been my guest all day."

"And have you had a good time, little Ellen?" Mr. Shaw inquired kindly. But Ellen was shy again. Her brown eyes sparkled, her cheeks were rosy, and her smile showed two dimples that told their own story. As she turned away to look after her doll, Barbara whispered to her father:



## *The Happy-Thought Story Book*

“Ellen’s one of my best friends, Daddy, and Mother said I could give her something to take home.”

“All right,” said Mr. Shaw. “And here is a box of bonbons for each of you.”

Barbara and Ellen had dinner, and when it was time for the sandman, Mr. Shaw ordered the car to take Ellen home. As she was putting on her hat, Barbara handed her a book of fairy tales.

“To remember our nice day together!” said Barbara smiling.

Ellen thanked her little friend, kissed her good-by, and was soon whirled away to her own home.

Later, as Barbara snuggled under her warm quilt, she said in a sleepy voice:

“Don’t you just love Ellen, Mother?”



TWO HAPPY LITTLE GIRLS CAME UP ON THE VERANDA.

*Page 67.*



## *The Invited Guest*

And didn't we have a nice day together?"

In the other home, after Ellen had slipped into bed, with the Fairy book under her pillow, she exclaimed:

"I had such a good time, Mother! If we had a big house like Barbara's, I'd like to make some little girl happy, too."

Mrs. Gray lovingly tucked the covers under her chin.

"It wasn't the big house that made you happy, Ellen, it was Barbara's loving thoughts."



## WINNING THE PRIZE

**B**ILLY MASON didn't like to 'do home-work. It always seemed to come at the wrong time. Just as he got ready to play with his dog, Gyp, or feed his rabbits, or ride his "bike," Mother would say, "Have you done your home-work, Billy?" And always, Billy would have to reply: "Not yet."

But to-day it was raining, and Billy couldn't go out. He had his books on a small table in front of him, a nicely sharpened pencil, and a neat pile of fresh paper, but somehow he couldn't think about school.

He watched the rain splash against



## *Winning the Prize*

the window-pane, making crooked little rivers that chased each other down the glass and then disappeared. Gyp was lying beside Billy's chair, and every little while he looked up to see if it was time for a romp. But as Billy took no notice of him, he would drop his head on his paws, and doze again.

Two things had gone wrong with Billy that morning. He very much wanted a toy fire-engine, but his Daddy had said:

"No more new toys, Billy, until you have better marks in your school work."

That made the fire-engine seem a long way off, for Billy knew his report-card had been very poor the last term.

It was also the first day of a new term at school. After the children had taken their seats, the teacher, Miss Moore, had

## *The Happy-Thought Story Book*

called them to "attention" saying she had something very nice to tell them. Billy remembered how quiet it had been, so quiet that they could hear the ticking of the big clock on the wall at the back of the room. Miss Moore had taken time to look at each row of children to see that they were all in order and listening.

Then she told them about an old gentleman who had been to school in that very room, when he was a small boy, and now he was offering a prize to the child who had the highest marks at the end of the term. That prize was to be a five-dollar gold-piece!

The children wriggled around in their chairs, in an excited way, and as they could not talk to each other, Miss Moore had said they could show their

## *Winning the Prize*

pleasure by clapping their hands as loud as they wanted to.

Every child in the room had clapped but Billy! No one noticed this but the teacher, and when school was out, Billy had gone home wishing he never had to go to school again.

Billy wasn't exactly a lazy little fellow, but he loved to play more than anything else, and he didn't see how a good report-card could make him any happier.

When Billy went down to dinner, he hoped his father wouldn't ask him anything about school. He slipped quietly into his chair at the table, and for a few minutes, no one paid any attention to him. Then suddenly, Mr. Mason inquired:

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“Well, Billy, how goes the first day at school?”

“Oh, all right,” said Billy, unfolding his napkin.

Mr. Mason gazed at his small son, and rather guessed that something unusual had happened.

“You’re going to try to do better this last term, aren’t you, Billy?”

Billy knew his father would hear about the prize, so he said in a “don’t-care” way:

“An old gentleman has offered a prize to be given to the one who has the highest marks.”

“A prize!” exclaimed his father. “What is it?”

“A five-dollar gold-piece,” answered Billy.

“That would buy the fire-engine you

## *Winning the Prize*

were asking me for,” said Mr. Mason.

Billy didn't look up from his plate, and his father knew that he had no thought of working for the prize.

The next morning was warm and sunny, and everything was as green as a spring rain could make it. Billy started off for school with Gyp at his heels. As he turned the corner, he met one of his schoolmates, Jimmy Blake.

Jimmy lived in another part of the town from Billy. His mother had to work for their living, and Jimmy knew he would have to leave school as soon as he was big enough to earn anything. And he was going to work hard for the prize!

“Hello, Billy!” exclaimed Jimmy, a joyous ring in his voice. “Say, wasn't that splendid about the prize?”



*The Happy-Thought Story Book*

“You’re welcome to it,” said Billy.  
“I couldn’t get it, anyway.”

“But you’re going to try, aren’t you, Billy?”

“No,” replied Billy, with a shrug of his shoulders.

Jimmy looked at Billy in his tweed suit, his silk tie, and nicely polished shoes. His own clothes were clean, but they had been mended, and were the best his mother could give him. But Jimmy knew that he was happier than Billy! He didn’t like to be poor, but he would much rather be poor, than not like to study. That was the trouble with Billy! He didn’t know that work was just as much fun as play, if one went at it right.

But Jimmy couldn’t tell Billy all this, and so they walked along together, and

## *Winning the Prize*

reached the school building just as the bell rang.

Billy's number-work was very poor that day, and Miss Moore told him to remain after school, and she would help him.

After the others had gone, she called Billy to her desk, and explained the examples so that he understood them. Then she said:

"You're going to try for the prize, aren't you, Billy?"

Billy wondered why he didn't like to meet his teacher's eye. Miss Moore's fingers slipped under Billy's round chin, and she tilted his face up so she could look at him.

"I expect *every* pupil in my room to try for that prize, Billy," she said firmly.

## *The Happy-Thought Story Book*

“Of course, only one child can win it, but not to try at all is to fall down. You don’t want to be a ‘quitter,’ do you, Billy?”

As Billy did not answer, Miss Moore pulled up a chair, and told him to sit down. “I’m going to tell you a story,” she said. “Once upon a time, there was a Scotchman, who was a great hunter. He could clear the highest hedges, and jump the widest ditches of any one in all the country around. When some one asked him the secret of his success, he replied, ‘I put my heart over first, and the horse and I follow after.’

“You see, Billy,” she continued, “this Scotchman loved to hunt. He wanted to be the best hunter there was, and he had courage to try big things. Now, if you could put your heart over first as

## *Winning the Prize*

he did, your marks would go up like the mercury in a thermometer. Wouldn't you like to call your school work a 'hunting game,' Billy?"

A game! Billy's round eyes were wide open now.

"And could I be the hunter!" exclaimed Billy, excitedly. "What would make big, high hedges for me to go over, Miss Moore?"

"Well," replied his teacher thoughtfully, "to stop thinking, 'I don't like number-work, and I don't like spelling' would be quite a high hedge, wouldn't it?"

"Yes," answered Billy soberly. It was more like work than play after all! "And what would you call the wide ditches?"

"Lazy thoughts, Billy," said Miss

## *The Happy-Thought Story Book*

Moore promptly. "Gazing out of the window, and dreaming about your play, instead of keeping your mind on your work."

Billy was still sober, but his mind was on the hunter. Suddenly, he looked up very earnestly. "Do you s'pose I can do it,—put my heart over first, Miss Moore?"

"To be sure you can!" she said, gazing down at the eager little questioner. "Your father had to study to learn just the things he wants you to learn, and now he's a successful business man! I guess he could tell you of some high hedges he's had to clear, if you should ask him."

But Billy didn't want to ask his father. "Let's have a secret, Miss Moore. I'll work for the prize, and even if I don't



## *Winning the Prize*

get it, I'll s'prise Daddy with a better report-card."

"Good for you, Billy!" cried his teacher, "and I'll help you all I can."

Again at the dinner table, Mr. Mason felt that something unusual had happened to Billy, but this time he didn't question him. "Perhaps he is going to try for the prize," thought Mr. Mason. And when Billy studied until bed time, instead of racing with Gyp, he was almost sure of it.

For a time, Billy found it very hard to keep his thoughts on his lessons. He caught himself wondering if the boys were playing ball, if his rabbits were hungry, or if Gyp was looking for him; but after the first week or two, Miss Moore noticed a change in him.

One Friday night, Billy returned to

## *The Happy-Thought Story Book*

the school-room for a book he had forgotten. Miss Moore was there, too, correcting some papers. She gave Billy a cordial smile, and told him how pleased she was with his work.

“Is Jimmy Blake ahead of me?” asked Billy.

“Yes,” she said, “Jimmy’s ahead so far!”

Billy got his book, and walked slowly out of the school-room. He sat down on the top step outside, and winked hard to keep back the tears. For Billy knew Jimmy! He was so enthusiastic about everything that it was almost impossible to pass him, either in work or play. For a few minutes, he did some hard thinking.

Just then, Miss Moore came out, and seeing Billy, she stopped and spoke to





JUST THEN, MISS MOORE CAME OUT.—Page 82.



## *Winning the Prize*

him. "Wanting to quit because Jimmy is ahead of you, is a very high hedge, Billy."

At the end of the term, Jimmy Blake had the highest marks, and the old gentleman came to the school and presented him with the five-dollar gold-piece. Jimmy was a very happy little boy, for it was the first money he had ever earned, and he was going to give it to his hard-working mother. Billy tried to be as pleased over Jimmy's success as the other children. He had done good work even if he hadn't won the prize, and Daddy would surely be pleased with his report-card.

As he passed Miss Moore's desk on his way out, she handed him an envelope and told him to give it to his father.

When Billy reached home, his father



## *The Happy-Thought Story Book*

was sitting on the veranda. He handed him the envelope, and as he sat down, Gyp jumped into his arms, and flicked his cheek with his rough tongue. Billy held the dog close, and waited.

As Mr. Mason read the note which was with Billy's report-card, he became puzzled, as well as pleased. "Jimmy Blake had the highest marks, and won the prize," Miss Moore had written, "but Billy has made the most progress of any one in the class. I hope he will receive his well-deserved reward."

"Reward!" thought Mr. Mason. "What does she mean?" Billy's marks were remarkably good. "Oh yes, now I remember! Billy wanted a fire-engine."

Billy glanced over at his father, who was smiling broadly. "I guess we'll

## *Winning the Prize*

have to go down-town, Billy boy! This is the best report-card you have ever had, and maybe," he added, with a twinkle in his eye, "we can find that fire-engine."

"Oh, Daddy!" he cried, and running down the steps, Billy found he could best express his joy in a series of somersaults.

They went at once to a toy store, and Billy found just what he wanted. As they rode home, Mr. Mason said:

"Can you tell Daddy your secret, now?"

"How did you know I had a secret?" asked Billy in surprise, his small hand nestling in his father's big one.

"Oh, I just knew!" said his father.

So Billy told the story of the hunter, and how Miss Moore had helped him

*The Happy-Thought Story Book*

play the game. Looking down at the big package in the bottom of the car, Billy suddenly thought of something.

“I think Jimmy’s a good sportsman, too, Daddy. He has to leave school before long to help his mother. Don’t you s’pose, Daddy, you could do something to help keep Jimmy in school?”

“Why, yes, I think I can. That’s a fine idea, Billy!”

When Billy Mason got out of the car with his fire-engine under his arm, he was sure that “putting his heart over first,” was the best game he had ever played.

## THE NEW SCHOOL-BOX

**F**REDDIE KIMBALL went up the piazza steps two at a time, and, bursting into the kitchen, almost ran into Aunt Hannah who was on her way to the oven with a pan of biscuits she had just made for lunch.

“Where’s Mother, Aunt Hannah?” he asked excitedly.

Aunt Hannah was never in a hurry, and, without answering, she put the biscuits in the oven and closed the door. Then she met Freddie’s frown of impatience with a smile.

“I think she is upstairs, sonny.”

Freddie rushed through the hall,

*The Happy-Thought Story Book*

bounded over the stairs, and knocked at his mother's door.

"I heard you come into the kitchen like a whirlwind. What is going on?" she inquired.

"Oh Mother, down at Anderson's store, they are selling twenty-five cent school-boxes the rest of this week, for ten cents. May I get one?"

School would open in two weeks, and Mrs. Kimball knew how dear to a child's heart is the new school-box at the beginning of the term.

"Have you saved the ten cents I gave you the other day?"

"No, Mother," replied Freddie. "I spent it for ice-cream cones. But it is such a bargain, Mother, couldn't you give me another dime?"

"But it is five days before Saturday,



## *The New School-Box*

and you have plenty of time to earn a dime."

"They might all be sold before I could earn it," argued Freddie; "the children will buy them awfully fast."

Mrs. Kimball looked thoughtfully at her small son. Freddie had always had a great deal done for him, and she was trying to teach him that the things we want are worth working for.

"I think, my little man," she said kindly, "that if you are willing to do your part, an opportunity will come for you to earn your school-box."

The next morning, while Freddie was eating his breakfast, Mrs. Kimball said:

"I have a bundle of rags for Mrs. Ross, Freddie, and if you will take them to her, I'll give you ten pennies, one for each block you have to go."

## *The Happy-Thought Story Book*

Mrs. Ross was a lady who braided rags into rugs. Freddie's mother had known her a long time, and every little while she sent her a bundle of rags to use.

It was a warm morning, and Freddie would much rather have spent the time with the other boys under the trees. But he wanted the school-box, and he might not have another chance to earn the money. He wondered why it was so much more fun to spend money than to earn it!

"All right, Mother," he said half-heartedly. "I'll go as soon as I finish my practising."

When the time was up, Mrs. Kimball brought Freddie the package, and laid ten pennies on the table beside his cap.

## *The New School-Box*

“Are you going to pay me before I go, Mother?”

“Yes, I am this time, so you can buy the box before you come home if you wish to.”

Freddie's arms went around his mother's neck in a bearlike hug. Then scooping up the pennies, he dropped them one by one into his trousers' pocket, and picking up the bundle went out with a merry whistle.

Mrs. Ross was fond of children, and she smiled as she saw Freddie coming up the walk.

A spicy fragrance greeted Freddie's nose as he stepped into the tiny hall, and Mrs. Ross heard him sniff as he came to her side and gave her the package from his mother.

## *The Happy-Thought Story Book*

“Smells pretty good, doesn’t it, son? You sit right down over there by the window and rest a bit before you start back.” And then she rang the bell by her side, which was soon answered by Mary, the housekeeper.

“As soon as that gingerbread is out of the oven, Mary, you bring in a generous piece for this starving boy. Boys are always starving for warm, spicy gingerbread. I know!” she added, with a chirpy little laugh.

When Mary brought in the gingerbread, there was also a glass of fresh buttermilk on the tray, and Freddie thought he had never eaten anything that tasted quite so good.

Bidding Mrs. Ross “good-by,” Freddie started on his long walk back. Most of the way was along the main street, but

## *The New School-Box*

Anderson's store was beyond the street where he turned to go to his own home. As he came within two blocks of the street, he saw a woman carrying a heavy basket, which she was obliged to set down every few minutes.

When Freddie came up to her, he looked so sorry that she spoke to him.

"Hello, little man!"

"Good morning," answered Freddie politely. "Do you have to carry that basket very far?"

"Yes, to the end of the car line."

"Why don't you ride?" he asked.

"Well, you see," the woman answered, "my youngest little girl had to have a pair of shoes this week, and it took all I had, except what I have saved for food."

"That's too bad! If I were a man,



## *The Happy-Thought Story Book*

I'd carry the basket for you," said Freddie, thrusting his hands into his trousers' pockets.

The contact of the pennies brought a queer look to Freddie's face.

"What's the matter?" the woman asked.

"Oh, nothing," answered Freddie, the pennies almost burning his fingers. It was just ten cents to the end of the car line, and looking up the street, he saw the car coming.

Digging his toes into the ground, he knew he hadn't much time to decide.

"I've got ten pennies!" exclaimed Freddie quickly. "The car's coming now, and you get right on and ride to the end of the line."

Freddie stood where the grateful woman had left him, watching the re-



"THE CAR'S COMING NOW."—Page 94.



## *The New School-Box*

ceding car, his eyes slowly filling with tears. No school-box for him! He had been sorry for the woman, but now he was sorry for Freddie Kimball.

He walked slowly home, and all that day he never said a word about the school-box. His mother knew something had happened, but she asked no questions.

Thursday and Friday went by, and Freddie was still silent. On Saturday, Freddie's father took him on a short business trip in the automobile, and, when the morning was about half over, there was a knock on Mrs. Kimball's back door.

"Does Freddie Kimball live here?" a woman inquired, as Aunt Hannah opened the door. "If he does, I want to see his mother."



## *The Happy-Thought Story Book*

Aunt Hannah invited her into the kitchen, and went to call Freddie's mother.

Mrs. Kimball had never seen the woman before, and asked what she could do for her.

"I came to bring your son the ten pennies he loaned me the other day," the woman said.

"What day was that?" asked Mrs. Kimball.

"Last Tuesday, ma'am. I don't suppose he'd call it a loan, but I'm sure it was his own money that he gave me, and I want to pay him back."

Then she told Freddie's mother and Aunt Hannah how Freddie had paid her fare on the car. "By the way he looked," she said, "I think he knew what he was going to do with those ten pen-



## *The New School-Box*

nies, but he gave them up for me, and now here they are!" And with a radiant smile, she laid ten pennies on the table.

"Yes," said Mrs. Kimball, "he had his heart set on something; but he hasn't said a word about what became of the money."

"Bless his heart!" exclaimed the woman. "You thank him for me, and tell him that sometime I hope he'll have dollars to give away."

Mrs. Kimball took the ten pennies and put them under Freddie's plate. And there he found them at lunch-time!

He gave his mother a startled look, and waited for her to explain.

"The woman with the heavy basket brought them, and said to thank you for the loan."

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“But, Mother, it wasn’t a loan; I gave them to her,” said Freddie.

“And the woman was very grateful, sonny. You made her happy, and now she has made you happy. After lunch, you may run ‘down to Anderson’s and get your school-box, and I’m sure you will think it the best one you ever had.”

“If they should be gone, Mother! It is the last day, you know.”

His mother shook her head wisely. “They’ll not be.”

And sure enough, there were five boxes left, and the storekeeper let Freddie have his choice.

This story originally appeared in “The Christian Science Monitor.”

## A REAL THANKSGIVING

**T**HE clock on the mantel chimed the half-hour after five. David Harris, and his sister, Marjorie, looked at each other and smiled.

“Time to get ready!” said Marjorie.

Their books and papers were hastily put away in preparation for what they called “Entertaining Mother.” During the half-hour before dinner, Mrs. Harris always spent it with the children in the library, and David and Marjorie liked to play that she had come to call on them.

The shades had been drawn, and a



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bright fire snapped and crackled in the open fireplace.

While waiting for the accustomed knock which announced their visitor, David and Marjorie sat down on the big fur rug in front of the fire, to watch the flames twist and curl as they shot up into the dark chimney.

“Marjorie,” said David suddenly, “what does Thanksgiving mean? Just having a turkey dinner?”

“What ever made you think of that, Davy?”

“Why, because my teacher, Miss Lewis, put a box on the corner of her desk to-day. She said she wanted each pupil to drop a letter in it, telling her the best way to spend Thanksgiving. The day before school closes, the letters are to be read, and the pupils are to choose



## *A Real Thanksgiving*

which one they think is the best of all.”

Marjorie looked thoughtful, as David finished. “All the Thanksgivings I remember,” she finally said, “we’ve just had company, and a big dinner. But I never heard any one say what it really means. Let’s ask Mother.”

Just then some one knocked, and both children scrambled to their feet, in a rush to open the door.

“Good evening, Mother!” they both exclaimed.

“Good evening, my dears!” returned their caller.

David ran for a stool to put under her feet, and Marjorie piled the cushions behind her, as she sat down between them on the big davenport.

“Isn’t this cheerful, children?” said Mrs. Harris, as she spread her hands



## *The Happy-Thought Story Book*

towards the bright fire. David leaned his head against his mother's shoulder, which meant that he had something important to ask.

"I'm listening," his mother said, peering down into his face. "You haven't broken any windows with that new ball, have you?"

"Oh, no, Mother," replied David, sitting up quickly. "We want to know what Thanksgiving Day is for,—what it really means."

Mrs. Harris put her hand affectionately on her son's head, and slipped an arm around her little daughter.

"Well, children," she explained, "to some, it is a day of giving to the poor. To others, it is a celebration and merry-making among friends. But a real Thanksgiving is being thankful for all



"I'M LISTENING," HIS MOTHER SAID.—Page 102.





## *A Real Thanksgiving*

the good things that have come to us during the year, and feeling kindly towards everybody."

There was a thoughtful silence. David was thinking about his letter, and Mrs. Harris thought of the wonderful home-comings when she was a young girl. It was Marjorie who broke the silence, by inquiring seriously:

"The last way is the best, isn't it, Mother?"

"Yes, dear," answered her mother gently, "but not always the easiest."

The next morning on their way to school, David asked:

"Do you feel kindly towards everybody, Marjorie?"

"No," said Marjorie honestly. "I don't like my teacher, and I guess she doesn't like me."

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“And I don’t speak to Johnny Grant,” confessed David.

“Johnny Grant, the boy who works for the grocer? What did he do?”

“Well,” said David, “he wanted to take my new ball. I wouldn’t let him, so he took it away from me and threw it into a mud-puddle.”

“Dad’ll buy you another, if you ask him,” declared Marjorie.

“Yes, but I shouldn’t like Johnny any better for having a new ball.”

Both children walked along each busy with their thoughts, until they reached the school building. Then David said:

“We couldn’t either of us have a real Thanksgiving, could we, Marjorie?”

“A real one?” inquired Marjorie frowning.



## *A Real Thanksgiving*

“I mean ‘real,’ like the one Mother told us about,—‘feeling kindly.’ ”

“No, I s’pose not,” admitted Marjorie. “But you remember, Mother said it was the best way, though not always the easiest.”

All that day, David wondered how he was going to write a letter about a real Thanksgiving, when his thoughts were all wrong. He did not say anything more to Marjorie, but that night he lay awake a long time thinking about Johnny. “I wish now I had let him take the ball!” sighed David, just before he dropped off to sleep.

It was only a week before Thanksgiving. The air was crisp and cold, and as David started for school, he saw Johnny Grant just ahead of him. Johnny was whistling merrily as he

## *The Happy-Thought Story Book*

swung along. David was surprised to find that he wanted to speak to Johnny. By and by, Johnny turned around, and David waved to him. Johnny looked puzzled, then walked on. In a short time, he turned around again, and David waved once more. Still wondering what David could want, Johnny waited for him to catch up.

“Wouldn’t you like to be friends again, Johnny?” asked David, pleasantly.

“Why, yes,” answered Johnny, with a grin. “’Tisn’t much fun quarreling. Let’s shake on it!”

“Now,” thought David happily, as he took his seat in school, “I can write my letter about a *real* Thanksgiving.”

Later, when he told Marjorie that he

## *A Real Thanksgiving*

and Johnny had made up, he was not surprised when she said:

“I like my teacher, too! You see,” Marjorie explained, “I gave her a big, red apple yesterday, and she seemed so pleased. She put her arm around me, and said she was sorry if she had seemed cross, or impatient. But something had troubled her!”

“And to-night, we’ll tell Mother!” said David, to which Marjorie agreed.

The day before Thanksgiving, when the box was opened, and the letters read, the children all thought David’s letter was the best. And this is what he wrote:

“Thanksgiving Day is spent mostly in eating and having a good time. But we cannot be happy ourselves unless we

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have made some one else happy. So I think a real Thanksgiving means having lots of love for everybody, then we can give thanks and have a good time all day."

But Thanksgiving Day was to be one of surprises to a number of people. Mr. and Mrs. Harris had planned to spend the day with the children's Uncle Jim and his family. As it was a fifty-mile drive, they started early, and reached Uncle Jim's about ten o'clock.

"Oh, Mother, look!" shouted Uncle Jim's children, as the car drove into the yard, and came to a standstill at the side door of an old-fashioned country farmhouse.

"Well, well," gasped their mother, hastily drying her hands, and peering over the children's heads. "That's Uncle John Harris!"

## *A Real Thanksgiving*

David and Marjorie, gazing out of the car window, saw five young faces pressed hard against the window-pane. They got out just as Uncle Jim came round the corner of the house.

“This is ‘a surprise!’” he exclaimed, shaking hands with them all. “Come right in!” he said, ushering them through the big square kitchen, into the living room.

Aunt Mary’s first thought was: “How in the world am I going to feed so many people!” Seeing the look of worry on her face, Mrs. Harris said:

“Don’t worry, Mary, this is the children’s treat. We have brought everything with us for a real old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner. The turkey’s all stuffed, ready to put into the oven, and there are plenty of vegetables, and fruit,



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besides lots of goodies for those who have a 'sweet tooth' " she said, smiling at the eager young folks.

"Oh! Oh!" shouted the children. "Candy, and nuts, and figs!"

"And I thought we were not going to have any Thanksgiving this year," said Mary, her voice trembling. "We've had so much expense, we decided we'd wait until Christmas for our turkey."

"But you see, you didn't have to," replied Mrs. Harris, slipping an arm around Mary's shoulders.

While the turkey was being roasted, the children rushed out to the barn, and had a wonderful time. Such appetites as they brought to the table with them! And how happy everybody seemed! But the best time of all, was late in the afternoon, when Uncle Jim brought out

## *A Real Thanksgiving*

a big corn-popper, and David went out to the car and surprised them with a bag of lollipops.

On the way home, Marjorie leaned over and asked her brother, "Don't you feel good all over, Davy?"

"Yes," answered David, "though I'm still pretty full. But it was a *real* Thanksgiving for all of us, wasn't it, Marjorie?"

"For us," assented Marjorie, "for Uncle Jim and Aunt Mary, and for all the children."

"And for Mother and Dad, too!" added David.

"Yes," said Mrs. Harris, who had overheard them, "for Mother and Dad, too! And we'll never have a Thanksgiving again, that isn't *real*!"

## THE PANSY BEDS

“**D**ORIS,” called Mrs. King from the kitchen. “What are you doing?”

“I’m just reading my ‘Five Little Peppers.’ Do you want me, Mother?”

“The clothes are all ready to hang out, and I would like a little girl to help me with the basket of clothespins.”

Doris closed her book, and hurried through the hall into the kitchen. She was nine years old, and had always lived on the top floor of an apartment block in a big city. It was only one flight of stairs to the roof, and Mrs. King hung her clothes up there, where they would get plenty of fresh air, and sunshine.

## *The Pansy Beds*

Ever since Doris was big enough, she had carried the clothespins for her mother, and a trip to the roof seemed almost like a trip into the clouds.

“Here I am, Mother!” cried Doris, picking up the basket of pins. “Shall I go first?”

“Yes, you may go first! I wonder if you remember, Doris,” said her mother laughing, “how you missed a step when you were quite small, and fell over backwards right into the basket of wet clothes.”

“Oh, Mother, did I cry?”

“Cry! Oh, yes, because you spilled nearly all the clothespins.”

“And you kissed me, and helped pick them up, didn’t you, Mother?”

“I believe I did,” said Mrs. King, setting down the heavy basket.

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Doris waited until the clothes were all on the lines, and then she took her mother's hand, and together they walked over to the other side of the roof. Up and down the street, on both sides, were rows and rows of other blocks, just like the one in which Doris lived. But they could look off over the tops of the buildings, and see the green hills, or look up and watch the soft, fleecy clouds as they sailed away.

"Tell me what it is like over there, Mother," and Doris pointed to the hills, which seemed so far away.

Mrs. King smiled down at the bright face upturned to hers. "I have told you so many times, Doris, you must know it by heart."

"I do, almost, but please tell me once more, Mother."



## *The Pansy Beds*

Mrs. King shaded her eyes with her hand, and was silent for a long moment.

"There are no blocks over there," suggested Doris.

"No, there are no blocks, little daughter, and people live in houses all by themselves. There are lawns like green velvet carpets, and——"

"Do they step on them?" interrupted Doris.

"Step on them? Why, yes," explained her mother. "There are no signs which say 'Keep Off' as there are in the City Parks. And there are flowers, and beautiful trees; sometimes there is room for chickens, and a nice dog, or a kitty."

"I would love to live 'over there,' Mother."

"Perhaps we shall some day, Doris.

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I hope so, and Daddy wants to get away from the city, too.”

“We’ll never stop wishing, will we, Mother!” declared Doris, as they turned to go back downstairs.

During the winter months, Doris and her mother seldom went up on the roof. It was cold and windy, and the hills were snow-capped. But by and by, there came the first warm days of spring, and it was on one of these days, that Doris’s father came home earlier than usual.

“Where is everybody?” he shouted. And as Doris came into the hall, he picked her up and whirled her round and round a number of times.

“What is it, Daddy?” she asked, as soon as she could get her breath.

“Such wonderful news! But let’s

## *The Pansy Beds*

find Mother so that she can hear, too.”

Mrs. King was setting the table, when they came into the dining-room.

“Listen, Mother! Daddy has a s’prise, I guess. Go ahead, Daddy!”

“Well,” said Mr. King, sitting down and taking Doris on his knee. “I was out in the country to-day, and what do you think I found? The nicest little bungalow you ever saw! And it was for rent.”

“What’s a bung’low, Daddy?”

“Oh, I forgot, of course, you don’t know, but Mother does. See how her eyes are shining! It’s a house all by itself, Doris, with no other house attached to it, the way they build blocks. It has five or six rooms, just big enough for three! There are no elevators, and no

## *The Happy-Thought Story Book*

dark rooms; but so many windows that little breezes can dance right in one window, and out the other. And sunbeams can stretch themselves 'way across the rooms all day long!"

"What else did you see?" asked Doris excitedly.

"Not very far away, I saw a big field where daisies and buttercups grow, and I thought, 'How Doris will love to go in there and pick her arms full of flowers!' "

"Oh, Daddy!" cried Doris, clapping her hands. "Are we truly going to live in that little bung'low?"

"Yes, we truly are! By the first of June, we'll be all settled."

Doris jumped 'down, and ran into her mother's arms. "Did you wish hard all winter?" she whispered.

## *The Pansy Beds*

“Every day!” said her mother, kissing her.

For days after they moved, Doris was so happy she hardly took time to eat. Her little feet scampered here, there, and everywhere, and at night when her mother tucked her into bed, she would ask sleepily:

“Will it all be here to-morrow, Mother?”

And every night, her mother would answer:

“Yes, it will all be here to-morrow for you, and Daddy, and Mother.”

Every day, there was some new pleasure! When her father brought home a long piece of rope, and hung it from the big apple-tree, Doris asked curiously:

“What’s that for, Daddy?”



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She watched him notch a board and set it in the swing. "Why, it is just like a seat!" she exclaimed.

"Come and try it," invited her father. "Now, take hold of the rope with both hands, and see what happens."

When Doris was nicely balanced, he gave her a push and away she went.

"Oh, Daddy! I just love this. Mother, Mother, see what I've got!" she shouted, as her mother came across the lawn. Doris soon learned how to swing herself by digging her toes into the soft earth, and then letting go.

One Saturday afternoon, while in the swing, she saw her father walking towards the garage, carrying a spade in his hand.

"Want to come, Doris?" he called.

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Doris jumped out of the swing, and ran after him. "Another s'prise, Daddy?"

"You'll see in a moment," he answered.

When they reached the garage, he swung back the door, and Doris saw several baskets of flowers, all ready to set out.

"I'm going to make some flower-beds for your mother, and you may have one all your own. You can choose the flowers you like best, and Daddy will help you plant them. And when your flowers are thirsty,"—with a smile, he drew something out of the back of the car, "here is a little watering-can for you to use."

"Oh, what fun!" cried Doris. "If

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I'm careful, my flowers will think it is raining, won't they?"

"I guess they will," he assured her laughingly. "If you get the can too full, they may think it is a heavy shower."

After spending some time looking over the baskets, Doris decided on the pansies. "I like these best of all, Daddy, they have such dear little faces. They'll look right up at me when I'm sprinkling them!"

Doris stood by, while her father dug up the turf, and in a short time there was a nice bed all ready for the pansies. Then he put the plants into the ground, and showed her how to press the dirt snugly around the roots.

The watering-can was used very faith-

## *The Pansy Beds*

fully, and before long, there were dozens of pansy faces waiting to be picked. Doris gathered a handful every morning. And wonder of wonders! The next day, there were just as many more pansy faces!

Doris had been very happy for a time in her new home, but now she began to think about a playmate. One sunny morning, when she was gathering some flowers for the table, she looked up and was delighted to see a little girl standing by the gate. She was a very untidy child. Her dark hair was tangled; her dress was torn; her socks had dropped down around her ankles, and from the toe of one of her shoes, peeked the "little pig that went to market."

Her face was very wistful as she

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watched Doris select her pansies. Doris smiled at her visitor, then got up and went over to the gate.

“Would you like to see my pansy bed?” she invited, taking hold of the little girl’s hand.

The child looked down at Doris’s clean hand, and quickly drew her own away. Doris had not noticed how dirty she was; this little stranger’s eyes told her that she loved flowers. Doris took her hand again, and gently drew her round in front of the pansy bed. For a few moments, they stood in silence, gazing at a yellow butterfly flitting from one flower to another.

“Shall I pick some for you?” asked Doris, trying to make friends.

Her visitor nodded shyly, and two dimples came into view.





DORIS TOOK HER HAND AGAIN.—Page 124.



## *The Pansy Beds*

“Well, then, tell me your name. Mine is Doris.”

The brown eyes twinkled for an instant, then she announced gravely: “Becky, when I’m good. Re-becca, when I don’t want to mind.”

“But you’re Becky most of the time, I guess,” said Doris, as she laid the flowers she had just gathered on the grass. “Those are for Mother, and now I’ll pick some for you.”

Becky walked around the bed, but she did not touch the pansies. She smiled gratefully at Doris, when she put the flowers in her hand, and then hurried away through the gate.

“Good-by!” called Doris. Becky turned around and waved her flowers, but she did not stop, and was soon out of sight. After that, Becky came often,

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and the children had many happy times together. Mrs. King was pleased that Doris had some one to play with.

But one morning, Doris' father took them into town, and they were away all day. As soon as Doris got home, she went at once for her watering-can. "I know my pansies must be thirsty," she explained to her mother. But before long, there was a pattering of little feet up the steps, and through the hall.

"Mother!" cried Doris, her voice full of tears. "Oh, Mother! My pansies!"

"Why, what has happened, Doris?"

But Doris couldn't talk. Together, they went to the garden. The pansy bed, which had been so beautiful in the morning, was now a sorry sight. Every flower had been picked, and some plants torn up by the roots.



## *The Pansy Beds*

“Who could have done it?” asked Doris, her tears falling fast.

“I don’t know, dear. We’ll just try not to think *who* did it. Daddy may take some of my pansies and put them in your bed, where they have been torn up, and it will look almost as good as new.”

Mrs. King was very thoughtful as she went back to the house. After supper, she left Doris with her Daddy, and in a short time, she came to the place where Becky lived. One of the older children invited her in, and said she would call her mother. As soon as Mrs. King was seated, she saw that she was not alone. A tiny gray-haired lady was sitting by the window, and all around her, on the window-sill and on the table in front of her, were bottles and saucers, filled with pansies.



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Doris' mother drew her chair nearer the little lady, who was Becky's grandmother, and spoke to her pleasantly.

"Pansies are my favorite flowers," she explained, "and this morning, Becky came home with her hands full. I'd like to thank the lady who gave them to her, but Becky wouldn't tell. She's a queer child!"

Before Mrs. King could reply, Becky rushed into the room.

"Grandma,—" she began. When she saw Doris's mother, her eyes grew round and big, and without a word, she fled in dismay. She was sure she could never play with Doris again!

Mrs. King stayed a few minutes longer, and visited with Becky's mother, but Becky didn't come into the room again. When she got home, Doris had

## *The Pansy Beds*

gone to bed, and while she was sleeping, her father made another flower-bed just the same size as hers.

It was raining hard the next morning, and Doris couldn't go out. She didn't expect to see Becky, but the third morning was warm and sunny, and as soon as she opened her eyes, she thought: "Becky will come to-day."

She ran out to see her pansies before breakfast, and in a moment, she saw the new bed. What did it mean?

"Mother!" she exclaimed, rushing into the kitchen, "there's another flower-bed right beside of mine. Is it yours?"

"No, dear, when Daddy comes home to-night, he's going to bring enough pansies to fill that bed, and another little watering-can."

"But how can I use two, Mother?"

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“The other one is for Becky.”

“And the other pansy bed is for Becky, too?”

“Yes,” said her mother. “I think Becky will enjoy picking her very own flowers, don’t you?”

“Why, yes,” assented Doris slowly, a slight frown appearing between the blue eyes. “But she hasn’t been here for three days, Mother!”

“If she doesn’t come to-morrow, we’ll go after her,” said Mrs. King cheerfully.

Mr. King had taught Doris how to pull up the weeds in her bed without disturbing the roots of her flowers. She was quite busy the next day, doing this work, but she kept thinking, “I wonder if Becky will come to-day!” and so

## *The Pansy Beds*

she was quite surprised when she felt a pair of hands over her eyes.

“Becky!” she cried, joyously. And sure enough, it was Becky; and a cleaner Becky now than when she first came.

Mrs. King saw the children from her chamber window. Doris led Becky over to the other pansy bed; then she ran to the garage, and brought out the new watering-can, and put it in Becky’s hand.

“There!” she said, “Mother bought this for you, Becky, and you are to have this flower-bed for your very own. Don’t you like it?” she asked soberly, as Becky stood very still, swinging the can by the bail.

Dear little Becky! She had been so

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afraid to come, but she couldn't stay away. She wanted to tell Doris's mother how sorry she was! Dropping the can, she ran to the house, but stopped in the hallway. There Mrs. King found her leaning against a chair, not knowing whether to go or stay.

"Why, Becky!" she said, kneeling down in front of her. Becky burst into tears, and Mrs. King gathered the repentant child into her motherly arms. She let her cry for a few minutes, then she asked very gently:

"Did you want to tell me something, Becky dear?"

In a few minutes, Becky had told how she came to see Doris, and finding her gone, had helped herself to the pansies. Feeling sure that Becky had learned her



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lesson, Mrs. King wiped away her tears, just as Doris came running in to see why Becky didn't come back. Seeing her flushed face, Doris inquired with much concern:

"Is Becky sorry about something, Mother?"

"Yes, but it's all right now."

Doris slipped an arm around her little friend. "We've got lots of love for Becky, haven't we, Mother?"

"And Becky has for us, too!" said her mother, smiling down at both children. "While you and Becky are watering your flowers, I'm going to hide a plate of those cookies I made this morning, and see if you can find them."

Doris clapped her hands, and Becky showed her dimples.

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They ran back to the garden, and when Doris was showing Becky how to fill her watering-can, she said:

“Isn’t Mother funny,—hiding cookies? The best way to find them is with our noses. I can smell cookies a long way off, can’t you, Becky?”

## MISCHIEVOUS TIM

“**H**OW many children would like to have a picnic before school closes?” asked Miss Carter, of her thirty-five pupils.

Every right hand was raised high above as many bright faces. This was followed by a general clapping of hands, and a soft tattooing of feet on the floor, for a picnic meant a whole day of all sorts of fun.

“I guess that’s settled,” said Miss Carter, with a satisfied look. “Now, where would be the best place for a picnic? I will let you choose, because it is to be your picnic, and not mine.”

“But you’ll go with us, won’t you,

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Miss Carter?" inquired one of the children.

"Yes, indeed!" she replied, glancing from one row of eager faces to the other, "you couldn't keep me away." Then looking at a dark-eyed little girl in one of the front seats, she asked: "Where would you like to go, Mary?"

"Sylvan Grove!" answered Mary, promptly.

Miss Carter's eyes rested on one of the boys who was lolling in his chair. For some time, both teachers and children had given this boy the name of "Mischievous Tim," because he loved to play tricks; and as his tricks were not always in fun, he was almost daily in disgrace.

"Where would you like to have the picnic, Tim?"

Timmy grinned, and shuffled on to

## *Mischievous Tim*

his feet. "Riverside Park!" he announced loudly.

"Sylvan Grove and Riverside Park have been chosen," said Miss Carter. "Now, let's talk it over, and then we will take a vote the way grown-up people do. You may tell us why you like Riverside Park, Tim."

"'Cause they have a Merry-Go-Round there, and Shoot-the-Chutes."

"But they have Slippery-Slides at Sylvan Grove," said little Ruth Clark. "And big swings, and seesaws!"

Mischievous Tim wrinkled his small nose, and scowled at Ruth. "Those are for girls!" he said, in an undertone.

But Miss Carter heard him. "All good sports are for both boys and girls, Tim. Now," she continued, "I will pass a slip of paper to each pupil, and



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you may write on it which place you prefer for the picnic. The one having the largest number of votes will decide where we are to go. How many children are agreed?"

Every hand was raised, and after the papers were passed, it was very still for a few moments. As soon as the teacher had collected, and counted the votes, she announced: "There are twenty-eight votes for Sylvan Grove, and seven for Riverside Park."

Twenty-eight pairs of hands at once expressed their delight, while seven pupils sat quietly in their chairs.

Miss Carter smiled down at the disappointed ones. She knew that every child could have a happy time at Sylvan Grove. Stepping to the edge of the platform, she said:

## *Mischievous Tim*

“There’s a big word in the dictionary which means that everybody is agreed, that they are of one mind, or the same opinion. That word is ‘Unanimous.’ Don’t you think it would be fine, if the seven children who voted for Riverside Park would show that they are just as willing to go to Sylvan Grove; and then we could have what older people call a ‘unanimous vote.’ Now, let’s take a vote this way: All those who are sure we can have a good time at Sylvan Grove, rise!”

Every one stood up but Mischievous Tim, who twisted sulkily around in his chair.

“Don’t you want to vote?” asked Miss Carter.

Mischievous Tim shook his head. “Sylvan Grove’s no good!” he declared.

## *The Happy-Thought Story Book*

“Well, thirty-five of us are going to have a fine time, aren’t we, children?” To which they all shouted: “Yes.”

The day of the picnic was warm and sunny. They were to meet at the school-house at nine o’clock, and at the appointed time, everybody was there but Alice Taylor, and Mischievous Tim.

“I wonder where Alice is; we don’t want to go without her,” and Miss Carter looked anxiously up the street.

It was only a few minutes, however, before Alice came on the run, bringing her little sister Bessie with her.

“I couldn’t come without Bessie, Miss Carter. Mother is going away, and there was no one to leave her with.”

“You did just right, Alice, and we are glad to have you, dear,” taking hold of

## *Mischievous Tim*

Bessie's hand. "I'll help you look after her part of the time."

There was such a chattering that Miss Carter could hardly make herself heard, when she called to them that the car was coming. Just as she looked around to see that every one had gotten on, she saw Mischievous Tim clamber into the back seat. "Funny boy!" she said, with a smile. "He wanted to come all the time. But I do hope he'll behave!"

It was only a half-hour's ride to the Grove. As soon as a couple of long tables had been selected, they were heaped with boxes and baskets of lunches, and then the children scattered to try everything there was to make thirty-five youngsters happy. Before long, every swing and seesaw was in mo-



## *The Happy-Thought Story Book*

tion, and a bunch of smaller children were taking turns on the Slippery Slide. They all seemed to be having the best kind of a time but Mischievous Tim. He had scowled at Miss Carter when he got off the car; and now he was walking around with his hands deep in his pockets, going from one group to the other.

“I can’t watch him all the time,” she thought. “I must get the tables ready, for the morning will pass quickly. With little Bessie, there will be eighteen children to a table.”

One or two of the older girls offered to help, and they were busy opening bags and boxes, when Miss Carter heard a piercing scream. Glancing quickly in the direction whence the sound came, she saw Mischievous Tim astride a see-



## *Mischievous Tim*

saw on the same end with Ruth Clark. The weight of both Ruth and Tim held the other child high in the air, frightening her. Mischievous Tim was shaking with laughter, and Ruth was using her fists on his back, in a vain effort to make him get off.

Miss Carter ran to the seesaw, and pulling Tim off, she spoke sharply to him. "I am almost tempted to send you home," she declared. "Why can't you stop teasing people for one day?"

Mischievous Tim did not reply, but with a sudden twitch, he loosened her hold on him, and ran away. In a short time, there was more trouble. This time, he had pulled up the croquet wickets right in the middle of a game. Some of the children tried to catch him, but Mischievous Tim led them a merry

## *The Happy-Thought Story Book*

chase, and was not seen again until time for lunch.

“There is good in him, if I only knew how to reach the boy!” thought Miss Carter, as she saw Tim politely pass the food to those nearest him, before helping himself.

The tables were set with paper plates, paper napkins, and tin spoons. Beside each child’s plate was a bottle of milk, and two straws. How they did eat! Sandwiches and cake disappeared as if by magic, and Miss Carter was so amused that she almost forgot to eat her own lunch.

About an hour before it was time to take the car, she called all the children to her, and producing a small bag, asked them to guess what was in it. As no one

## *Mischievous Tim*

guessed right, she tried to help them out, by saying:

“There is one for each child!”

“Why, Miss Carter,” exclaimed Alice, “how can there be thirty-five things in so small a bag?”

Before she could answer, Mischievous Tim reached over, and gave the bag a squeeze.

“Nickels!” he shouted.

“Oh-h-h!” screamed the children.  
“Ice-cream cones!”

“Right you are!” announced Miss Carter. “Now, stand in line, and Mischievous Tim may be the leader.”

As they filed by, she put a nickel in the palm of each child’s hand, and they all visited the Ice-Cream Man.

Everybody was happy, until Mis-

## *The Happy-Thought Story Book*

chievous Tim sprinkled some sand on the cone of one of the boys, but Miss Carter bought him another, and Tim laughed as though he thought it a big joke.

When it was time to start for home, little Bessie Taylor was missing. No one had seen her since their ice-cream treat.

“Oh, I hope she’s not lost!” said Miss Carter, gazing anxiously around. “But don’t cry, Alice, we’ll find her. And where is Mischievous Tim? Is he missing, too?”

“He was here a few minutes ago, Miss Carter,” said Johnny Walker.

As soon as Mischievous Tim learned that little Bessie was missing, he slipped away, and disappeared among the trees. Before he had gone very far, Tim came

## *Mischievous Tim*

to a road. He looked both ways, calling loudly, but no one answered. Then he ran down the road until he came to the open fields, and called again. Bessie always came to school with her hands full of flowers, and he was sure she had wandered away to find some.

Turning off the road, Tim went straight across the fields, and pushing through some tall bushes, he came upon a noisy brook, tumbling over the stones in a swift current. In some places, the water was quite deep, and at any other time, Tim would have stopped and waded in it. Suddenly, he saw a piece of white lawn with blue figures in it, caught on a bush.

“A piece of Bessie’s dress!” he exclaimed. “She can’t be very far away now.”



## *The Happy-Thought Story Book*

Hurrying along, and following the brook, Tim went another quarter of a mile. He was just going to shout again, when he spied a small figure part way up the bank, lying under a big tree. It was little Bessie fast asleep! Walking cautiously towards the sleeping child, Mischievous Tim stood for a moment, looking down at her. Those who thought Timmy a really bad boy should have seen how radiant his face was now. You see, Mischievous Tim had a secret! While he went out of his way to torment the older boys and girls, he loved little children. He often shared his candy and apples with them, and did things to help them out of their troubles, and make them happy.

What he saw was a little child with very wet feet, her dress soiled and torn.

## *Mischievous Tim*

She had been crying, for her cheeks were streaked with dirt, where she had wiped away her tears with her small fists.

Tim wished he were big enough to pick her up in his arms, and run back to the Grove with her. But as he was only a small lad, he touched her gently on the shoulder, saying:

“Bessie, wake up! I’ve come to take you home.”

Bessie stirred and sighed, but it needed quite a shaking to make her open her eyes.

Finally she sat up, and held out her arms. “Timmy!” she cried, “I’m glad you came.”

Mischievous Tim looked all around to make sure they were alone before he shyly knelt beside her. “What made

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you come all the way over here, Bessie?"

"Flowers!" she answered, showing her dimples. But as Timmy did not smile back, she hurried on: "Then I saw a butterfly, and tried to catch him; but he flied right down to the brook, and went across."

"And you wet your feet," said Tim soberly. "And then you didn't know the way back."

"And I cried," admitted Bessie, her lip quivering.

"Well, let's hurry back now," he said hastily, not wanting her to cry again. "Miss Carter is waiting for us."

"Was I losted?" she asked, her blue eyes beaming on him.

"Yes, I guess you were," admitted Tim, taking her hands, and helping her

## *Mischievous Tim*

to her feet. But the child fell back with a gasp.

“What is it?” inquired the boy hastily.

“My foot, Timmy! Oh, I can’t walk.”

“Never mind,” he said soothingly.

“Just watch me, I’m going to make something.”

Pulling out his knife, Tim cut a number of thick branches and tied them together with a piece of stout twine which he found in his pocket. Then he took off his coat and spread it over the boughs.

“Now, Bessie, I can’t carry you on my back, so I’m going to give you a ride,” and lifting her up in his arms, Tim placed her very carefully on his coat, with her back to him, so she

## *The Happy-Thought Story Book*

wouldn't fall over backwards. This made a nice 'drag, and Bessie laughed gleefully. They had to go slowly for the ground was humpy, but in half an hour, Mischievous Tim and his charge came into the Grove. Several people had been hunting for Bessie, as neither Miss Carter nor Alice would go home without her.

"Here she is!" shouted a group of children, "and Mischievous Tim is with her."

Miss Carter's feet fairly flew over the ground, and she gave the boy such a hug that he almost upset his passenger. Kneeling down, she drew Bessie into her arms, while everybody crowded around them.

"I'm so glad you're found!" she cried. "Now, we must start for home right





THIS MADE A NICE DRAG.—Page 152.



## *Mischievous Tim*

away. And you'll have to leave your green-bough carriage behind."

"Something's the matter with her foot," explained Tim soberly.

"Oh, that's why you had to ride! Which foot is it?" And Miss Carter looked at the child with some concern.

"This one," said Bessie, lifting her left foot. Miss Carter hastily removed the shoe, and out rolled a good-sized pebble.

The children all laughed at Tim's look of surprise, as Bessie picked up the pebble, and held it towards him.

"That's what hurted, Timmy."

"Yes," Miss Carter assured her, setting Bessie on her feet. "The little pebble got lost in your shoe, and you got lost in the woods. But everything is all right now."

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“And Timmy found me,” said Bessie, smoothing out her short skirts. “I love Timmy, I do!”

“Of course you do!” declared Miss Carter, turning around to smile at Mischievous Tim, but he was nowhere to be seen. When they got to the car, they found him talking with the motorman, as though finding lost children were an everyday occurrence.

Miss Carter was quite thoughtful all the way home. She had seen another side of Mischievous Tim, and Bessie knew him better than the teacher did, for she loved him. He had always been such a trying boy, upsetting the school many times, frightening the children with bugs and toy snakes. But he had brought Bessie back, and proved himself very capable, too.



## *Mischievous Tim*

“I wonder if I can’t love him, too!”  
And she gave little Bessie’s hand a loving squeeze.

Monday morning, when Mischievous Tim shuffled into his seat as usual, he immediately looked around to see what he could do. Miss Carter was watching him! Finally, Tim caught her eye, and instead of speaking sternly, she smiled. Tim straightened around in his chair; he wanted to smile, too, but his teachers had never been friendly. But somehow this smile was different! All day, Mischievous Tim attended to his lessons, and when the children passed out, at the close of the session, Miss Carter laid her hand on his shoulder, and drew him out of the line. The others went along, leaving the teacher and pupil together.



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“This has been a good day, Timmy, don’t you think so?”

Tim thrust his hands into his pockets, and shifted awkwardly from one foot to the other.

“Do you know, Timmy,” she continued, “I’ve decided to change your name from Mischievous Tim to Trusty Tim. Do you think you can live up to it?”

The boy was silent, his head lowered, but he was thinking. He remembered the smile of the morning, and wondered if his teacher really meant it. Then, much to his joy and surprise, Miss Carter held out her hand to him, like a real comrade.

Instantly, a different Timmy stood before her.

“I’ll try, Miss Carter,” he replied

## *Mischievous Tim*

eagerly, placing his small hand in hers.

From that time on, Mischievous Tim was a changed lad. He still loved good fun, but he didn't torment people any more. When the children heard their teacher call him "Trusty Tim," they began to call him that, too. Before long, the old name was forgotten, and Trusty Tim was a far happier boy than Mischievous Tim ever thought of being.

## RUTH'S DREAM

**R**UTH GRANT and her little friend, Alice May, had been very busy all the morning, cutting out paper dolls. They worked so quietly at times, that aside from the ticking of the clock, the only sound to be heard was the snip, snip, of their scissors.

“There!” exclaimed Alice May joyously, “I’ve finished three whole families, Ruth,—three fathers, three mothers, besides boys, and girls, and babies. How many have you done?”

“I’m on my third family now,” said Ruth. “Please see if you can find me a nurse-girl for this baby, Alice May, and

## *Ruth's Dream*

then that is all I'm going to do, to-day."

Alice May handed Ruth a nurse-girl, and picking up a nice-looking boy doll, selected a cap for him.

"What shall we do next?" she asked.

"I s'pose we've got to pick up all these papers," said Ruth, looking at them with a pout. Suddenly she turned to the open window.

"Do you hear that, Alice May?"

Alice May laid the boy doll on the table, and his cap 'dropped off. For a moment, she listened intently.

"Hand-organ!" she cried.

"And there'll be a monkey!" shouted Ruth. "Let's go!"

Both chairs were overturned in their haste, and a mass of paper clippings fell from their laps. They left the door open as they ran out, and in no time, an

## *The Happy-Thought Story Book*

army of little breezes scurried in, sending the clippings racing over the floor.

Before the children had reached the corner of the street, the room looked as though there had been a paper snow-storm. And the 'doll families were all mixed up! Some of the children were blown under the couch. Two mothers were lying face-down in the fireplace. A father doll, holding a baby which Alice May had pasted in his arms, was leaning against a table leg.

“Ha! ha!” laughed the breezes. “Ruth won’t care what we do; she’s not a tidy little girl.”

But Ruth’s mother, coming through the hall a few minutes later, looked at the room in dismay. Ruth was such a lovable child, she wondered why it was so hard for her to be orderly. She



## *Ruth's Dream*

closed the front door firmly, and the little breezes, realizing that their fun was over, fluttered right through the open window.

The man with the hand-organ stopped in front of Alice May's home. Her mother was sitting at a window over the piazza, and after some coaxing, the man persuaded the monkey to climb the trellis, and pay her a call. The children thought it great fun to watch him, and when Alice May's mother gave him some money, and he politely tipped his cap to her, they shrieked with laughter. When the monkey came down, he hopped up on the hand-organ, and gave the coin to his master. Both children shook hands with him, and after playing one more tune, they went off down the street.

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“Aren’t you children hungry?” called Alice May’s mother from the window.

“Yes, Mother, we are,” answered Alice May. “May I ask Ruth to have lunch with me?”

Her mother nodded, and Alice May turned to Ruth. “You’ll stay, won’t you?”

“I’ll have to ask Mother first. Then I’ll come right back,” she called over her shoulder, as she ran towards home.

But as Ruth crossed the lawn, she remembered the paper dolls, and also that her little bed was not made. Walking slowly into the house, she met her mother in the hall.

“May I have lunch with Alice May, Mother?”

“Not to-day,” said Mrs. Grant, shak-

## *Ruth's Dream*

ing her head, and glancing into the living room. "I'm sorry, Ruth, but you have played all the morning, and now you have quite a lot to do."

Ruth was only ten years old, but she had been taught how to spread up her bed, put away her clothes, and keep her room in order. At first, it had been fun, but now she had to be told nearly every day! She thought her shoes were all right under the bed where she could find them quickly. It was a bother to put them in the closet!

Mrs. Grant helped Ruth pick up the paper dolls, and then she said: "Now, dear, before you do anything else, you must take care of your room."

Ruth made no reply, but as she went upstairs, she wondered why her mother

## *The Happy-Thought Story Book*

made her do things that were not pleasant. It was vacation time, and she wanted to play, not work.

Before Ruth's tenth birthday, she went to visit her grandmother for a few days, and while she was away, her mother had planned to surprise her, by furnishing a room which she could call her own. Ruth had been delighted with the gray wicker chairs, with their bright cushions; the brass bed, and white dimity coverlet, with pink rosebuds scattered over it; the dainty chiffonier, and the dresser with the white ivory toilet set. Then there was the closet, with hooks where she could reach them, and lots of hangers for her 'dresses, just like her mother's.

After Ruth had inspected everything, and found so many things to make her

## *Ruth's Dream*

happy, Mrs. Grant had looked at her little daughter, and said: "I'm glad you like it, dear, and I want you to keep it just as dainty as it is now."

Ruth had thought she would, but to-day when she reached her room, she sat down on the bed, and gazed around.

A white dress which she had worn the day before, was thrown across a chair. On the floor were a pair of soiled socks, and her white shoes. One of the dresser drawers was open, with some clothes hanging out. Her brush and comb were untidy; the bed was not made; and the closet door stood open, showing her raincoat and rubbers in a heap on the floor, just where she had tossed them. Such a lot of work to do! Tears blinded her eyes, shutting out the sunlight, and making her think that



## *The Happy-Thought Story Book*

Ruth was a very much-abused little girl.

Flinging herself down on the bed, she buried her face in her arms. And there her mother found her, fast asleep! Closing the door softly, without waking her, she went away and left Ruth alone in the untidy room.

For over an hour, Ruth slept peacefully. But suddenly, she sat up with a jerk, and blinking her eyes to keep them open, she stared at her little rocker by the window. Surely some one had been sitting in it just a few moments ago! But there was no one there now! Ruth was very wide awake, as she slid off the bed, and was soon working as she had never worked before. "I mustn't forget it!" she kept saying to herself. "I must hurry so I can tell Mother!"

In twenty minutes, Ruth ran down-

## *Ruth's Dream*

stairs, and found her mother in the sun-parlor, sewing.

“Did you have a nice nap, dear?” she asked, at the same time, noting her clean dress, and nicely brushed hair.

Without replying, Ruth pushed aside her mother's work, and slipped into her lap. Mrs. Grant was sure something unusual had happened, or else Ruth had a surprise for her.

“Mother!” she said, her voice softened with wonder. “I dreamed!”

“Well, didn't you ever dream before?” asked Mrs. Grant with a smile. “Do you remember what it was all about?”

“Oh, yes, I'll never forget it,” answered Ruth soberly. “I came down to tell you, just as soon as I could.”

As Ruth was about to begin, the

## *The Happy-Thought Story Book*

screen door slammed, and Alice May came bounding through the hall, stopping in the doorway.

“Come right in, dear,” invited Mrs. Grant. “Ruth is going to tell me something, would you like to hear it, too?”

Alice May helped herself to a chair. “Oh, yes. Is it a story, Ruth?”

“No, a dream!”

A dream! Alice May puffed out her cheeks in surprise. “Why,” she laughed, “I always forget mine as soon as I open my eyes.”

Ruth smiled at her little friend. “Well, you just listen, Alice May, and I’ll tell you and Mother what mine was. I couldn’t come back and have lunch with you, because my room was so untidy. When I went upstairs to make

## *Ruth's Dream*

my bed, I felt cross about it, so I lay down, and before I knew it, I was fast asleep. I had been asleep but a few minutes, when I heard the funniest noise, just like a cackle. I sat up and rubbed my eyes, but of course I wasn't awake. And what do you think I saw? Over in my rocker by the window, sat the queerest-looking little old lady."

"Oh-h-h!" and Alice May wriggled in her chair excitedly. "What was she like?"

"Her dress was ragged and 'dirty; her shoes were untied; her hair was uncombed, and hung down on her shoulders. When she laughed, she didn't seem to have any teeth."

"Just like a witch! Were you afraid of her?" Alice May's voice was little more than a whisper.

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“Oh, no!” Ruth assured her. “She was so tiny, and she didn’t come near me. She kept rocking back and forth, swinging her feet. When I asked her how she got in, she cackled again, and said: ‘I come almost every day, through the window. I’ve been waiting for you to see me. I’m Madam Untidy, and this room is the way I like it, everything out of place. I never go into your mother’s room—looks too nice,’ and sliding out of the chair, she picked up my shoes, and tossed them into a corner. Then she threw things around until I covered up my head. ‘You’re like me,’ she kept saying, ‘you don’t care how things look!’ But I do, Mother,” burst out Ruth, “I’m going to care now!”

Mrs. Grant put her arm around her



## *Ruth's Dream*

little daughter, and Alice May tried hard to sit still.

“Hurry, Ruth, what happened next? How did you get rid of Madam Untidy?”

“I’ll tell you how I got rid of her,” continued Ruth, her eyes shining. “I got off the bed, and taking her by the arm, I said, ‘I’m not like you; I don’t like being untidy, and you get right out of here.’ ”

“Goody! Goody!” Alice May was dancing now. “And did she go?” she asked breathlessly.

“Yes, she went,” replied Ruth. “I walked over to the closet to hang up my raincoat, and she went out the window. But she wasn’t very far away, for she gave a little cackle, and said, ‘I’ll be back before long.’ I didn’t want her to come

## *The Happy-Thought Story Book*

back, so I worked as fast as I could. While I was putting my handkerchiefs in a neat pile, I heard a laugh like the tinkling of a bell."

Alice May clapped her hands excitedly. "Oh, I just love this dream!" she exclaimed.

"Guess who that was!" said Ruth.

"A fairy! Was it, Ruth, *was* it?"

"Perhaps so. I turned around to see where the laugh came from, and on the top of my chiffonier was another little lady. She was not much bigger than your doll, Alice May, with the bluest eyes, golden curls, and such a dainty dress! I just stood still and smiled at her, and she smiled back at me. 'Who are you?' I asked. Before she told me, she flew off the chiffonier, and balanced herself on the brass rail of my bed.



“WHO ARE YOU?” I ASKED.—Page 172.





## *Ruth's Dream*

“‘It looks very nice here now,’ she said, gazing around. ‘I came this morning, but it was so dreadful, I went away. I couldn’t stand it! Would you like to know my name?’

“I hardly dared to speak, so I just nodded my head, yes.

“‘I’m Miss Order,’ she said shyly, fluffing out her lacy skirts. ‘If you kept your room as neat as your mother’s, I would come and see you often. But when I peek in, the little cackling old lady is here, and she throws things around so, it isn’t safe for me.’

“‘She is dreadful!’ I said, ‘but I didn’t know I had visitors every day. I should like to have you visit me often, if you will.’

“Her little tinkling laugh came again, and she said, ‘All right, but



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you must do your best to keep Madam Untidy from coming in through the window, for then I go out the door, and I don't come back for a long time.' "

"Where is she now—Miss Order, I mean?" asked Alice May eagerly.

"Oh, I left her up in my room," replied Ruth, as she met her mother's smile.

No one spoke for a few moments. Alice May was wondering how many times Miss Order had looked in her room, and gone away.

"Let's go up and see if she is still there!" she said, catching hold of Ruth's hand.

"Why, of course, she isn't," laughed Ruth. "But we'll go and see."

Both children hurried upstairs to Ruth's room, but there were no tiny

## *Ruth's Dream*

visitors to be found. They made believe hunt for them, and after bumping their heads under the bed, they backed out laughing.

“I wouldn’t like to meet Madam Untidy under the bed, would you, Ruth?” asked Alice May.

“You mustn’t be afraid of her,” said Ruth soberly. “She’ll never come near us, if we keep everything in place for Miss Order. But wasn’t that a nice dream, Alice May?”

“It was bee-utiful!” answered Alice May, with a happy sigh.

## THURSDAY

“**W**ELL, of all the dirty dogs!” exclaimed Bobby Lester’s Aunt Julia, coming out on the back piazza, just as Bobby came up the walk. Tagging at his heels was a little tramp dog, with no collar, and very much in need of a bath.

“He’s a nice dog, Aunt Julia,” said Bobby, turning to pat him.

Bobby was spending the summer with Aunt Julia, while his father and mother were away on a long trip. Bobby loved her very much, but he often thought she didn’t understand boys very well,—anyway, boys about ten.

## *Thursday*

“What are you going to do with him, Bobby? You know I don’t like dogs. I never have liked them, and I never shall!” Aunt Julia puckered her lips, and folded her hands, as though that was settled for all time.

Bobby sat down on the bottom step, and drew his new companion close to him. “Can’t I keep him?” he asked wistfully.

“Where did you get him?” asked Aunt Julia, leaving Bobby in doubt.

“Why,” Bobby eagerly explained, “I was stopping on the curb, watching the fire-engines go by. I felt something rub my leg, and looking down, I saw this little fellow standing beside me, wagging his tail. Honestly, Aunt Julia, if a dog could talk, he would have said, ‘Won’t you have me for your

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dog?’ And I should have said, ‘Yes’—that is, if he could have talked, Aunt Julia!” added Bobby, keeping his eyes on the dog.

“But you don’t even know his name?”

“Oh, yes, I do,” said Bobby quickly. “It’s Thursday.”

“Thursday! What a queer boy you are, Bobby. Who ever heard of naming a dog, Thursday!”

“But, Aunt Julia, this dog came to me on Thursday, and that’s to-day, isn’t it?”

“Yes,” she nodded curtly, “to-day is Thursday. But he’s going to leave on Thursday, Bobby. You can’t keep that dog!”

Bobby knew it would do no good to tease. “Could I give him a bath, Aunt Julia? He would look more ’spect-



## *Thursday*

able, if he's got to start out again."

Aunt Julia frowned. She didn't care how the dog looked, but she knew Bobby would enjoy washing him.

"Yes, you may take the small tub, and I'll get you a cake of ivory soap. But when you are through, don't bring him into the house, no matter how white he comes out." And Aunt Julia went in, shutting the screen door with a sharp snap.

"Would you like a scrubbing, Thursday?" asked Bobby, scratching the dog behind his ears.

Thursday backed away, and barked loudly. When Bobby got up, he sat down to see what was going to happen next. He watched Bobby bring out the tub, and turn the water into it. Aunt Julia handed him the soap.

*The Happy-Thought Story Book*

“Come, Thursday, your bath is ready!”

Thursday 'did not move. He didn't like the looks of things, and of course he couldn't know how dirty he was. He had been sleeping under hedges, and crawling into holes which he had dug himself, so that his coat was rough and full of dirt. Before he had time to think any more about it, Bobby had taken him in his arms, and put him right into the tub, which was soon filled with suds, and a very wet dog.

Aunt Julia went in, and peeked through the shutters of the pantry window. When Thursday was laid shivering on the grass, she threw out an old towel for Bobby to wrap around him.

“That was kind of Aunt Julia, wasn't

## *Thursday*

it, Thursday? I was just wondering how I was going to get you dry."

For a few minutes, Bobby worked hard. Thursday enjoyed his rub, his little pink tongue darting out frequently to lick Bobby's hands.

When Thursday was dry, he was still black in spots for he was a black and white terrier. His ears were black but his face was white, except the end of his nose; and there were black spots on his body. After Bobby's cleaning, he was taken to the door to show Aunt Julia, who had to admit that he was rather a nice-looking dog.

"He must be hungry, Bobby. I'll get him something to eat."

She brought out a bowl of bread and milk, and set it down in the grass.

## *The Happy-Thought Story Book*

Thursday made a dive for it! He was so hungry, he couldn't even stop to taste, and in a few minutes, the dish was empty. Just as he was lapping up the last crumb, Bobby's friend, Joey Miller, came into the yard.

"Where'd you get the 'dog?" he asked, grinning.

"Oh, I picked him up. I've just given him a bath."

"Goin' to keep him?"

Before Bobby could answer, Aunt Julia asked: "Do you want him, Joey?"

Joey looked puzzled. "He's Bobby's dog, isn't he? He found him."

"He isn't anybody's dog, Joey, he just followed Bobby home. I'm not going to have him around here!"

## *Thursday*

“Please, Aunt Julia, let me—” began Bobby.

Joey shifted his eyes from the dog to his friend, then back to Aunt Julia.

“He looks like a knowing dog, Miss Lester, and it wouldn’t cost much to keep him. I could bring over some bones. Besides, he might make a good watch-dog!”

“Watch-dog!” sniffed Aunt Julia. “Why, he’s only a half-grown puppy.”

Bobby said nothing more, but he kept drawing Thursday closer to him, until his warm cheek rested on the dog’s head. He knew Aunt Julia had just one idea about a dog. She thought he would always be under foot, tracking her clean floors; or curling himself up in her best chairs, leaving his white



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hairs on everything. And Aunt Julia was wondering why boys were so fond of dogs. But neither Bobby nor Joey could tell her. They just were, that's all!

Finally she said: "We'll make a bargain, Bobby. I'll let you keep the dog a week, if you'll promise not to make a fuss when he has to go."

"All right, Aunt Julia," assented Bobby soberly. "I'll not make a fuss."

As soon as Aunt Julia had gone in, Joey sat down beside Bobby.

"Do you really want to keep that tramp puppy?"

"He'll be a nice dog when he's trained," declared Bobby, hopefully. "Besides, where would he go?"

"I don't know," drawled Joey, reaching out, and patting Thursday. "He

## *Thursday*

looks like one of those dogs, Bobby, that would be right here the next morning."

"Worse luck!" sighed Bobby.

"Say, boy!" exclaimed Joey, straightening up, "you've got a week to make your aunt like that pup. And you'll have to do it, if you want to keep him."

"I know it, Joey, will you help me?"

"Of course I'll help," assented Joey, heartily. "We'll teach him some tricks, and by next Thursday, your Aunt Julia will want to keep him tied, so he can't run away."

Saturday afternoon, Aunt Julia was sitting on the back piazza, mending some of Bobby's stockings. Thursday was over in his favorite corner, trying to go to sleep. Bobby had gone to a ball-game, and he was rather lonesome. He wanted to lie down beside Aunt

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Julia's rocker, but even a dog knows when he isn't wanted.

Thursday was just dozing off, when suddenly he heard a familiar whistle. This was followed by a thud, as the evening paper went whack against the front door.

"That's the paper boy," explained Aunt Julia, looking at him over her glasses. As if Thursday 'didn't know! "If you were a smart dog, you'd bring me the paper, and I wouldn't have to go after it."

Aunt Julia had never seen Joey play "paper boy," while Bobby held Thursday until he heard the paper thrown on to the front veranda. When he said, "Go get it!" Thursday thought it great fun to fetch the paper around, and drop it at Bobby's feet.

## *Thursday*

So now Thursday pricked up his ears, lifted himself up on his fore feet, and yawned. With rather a sheepish look, he walked slowly off the piazza. As soon as he was out of sight, he ran around to the front door, and before Aunt Julia had missed him, he came back and laid the paper in her lap.

“Why, Thursday, did you know what I said?”

Thursday cocked his head on one side, wagging his tail happily. Then he yelped, hoping she would say, “What a nice dog you are!” But no, Aunt Julia opened the paper and began to read. Thursday started back to his corner; turning around, he saw that she was smiling broadly. Of course, Thursday couldn’t know that there was anything really funny in the paper.

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But the smile drew him! Trotting boldly back, he rested his nose on her knee. Much to his surprise, she patted his head! He kept very still until he heard another whistle, when he was gone like a flash. His little master had come home!

“That means Bobby is coming, and I never knew a boy to be so hungry, as when he comes from a ball-game!” And Aunt Julia gathered up her mending, and went in to set the table.

Every Saturday night, Bobby had to sweep the walks around the house, and pick up stray papers. After supper, he got out a big basket, and Aunt Julia, who was standing at the screen door, saw Thursday come bounding up the steps. He paid no attention to her, for his master had sent him on an errand.



## *Thursday*

Taking the broom in his teeth, he lifted it off the hook, and dragged it out to Bobby, who was waiting for him on the lawn.

“Good work, Thursday!” he exclaimed. “Now, scamper around, and pick up the papers for me.”

Thursday raced over the lawn, finding papers in the most impossible places. These he brought to Bobby, or dropped into the basket himself.

“Bobby certainly works better for having that dog tagging after him,” thought Aunt Julia. “I suppose he’ll miss him,—well, I can’t help it. I don’t like dogs!”

Wednesday arrived all too soon. Bobby was very sober. Only one more day to own a dog! Thursday, too, thought something was wrong, for he

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kept right at Bobby's heels, and whined when he went into the house.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, Bobby was sitting under a big tree, making a kite. Aunt Julia had gone to town shopping, and Thursday was stretched out in the shade, waiting for something to happen. And something did happen!

Before long, Aunt Julia came hurriedly across the lawn, very hot, and very red.

"Bobby," she exclaimed, "I've lost my bag, and there was quite a lot of money in it. Oh, I don't know what to do!" And Aunt Julia was very near to tears.

"Did you just miss it?" inquired Bobby, standing up.

"Yes, I carried all my bundles in, and

## *Thursday*

laid them on the kitchen table. But the bag was gone!"

Bobby was thinking hard. Just then, Thursday thought it was time to bark. They seemed to have forgotten all about him!

Bobby looked down at the dog; and Thursday looked up at him, as if he were trying to say: "What does it all mean?"

"Will you excuse me, Aunt Julia, if I whisper to Thursday?" he asked, dropping to his knees.

Aunt Julia's eyes snapped. It certainly was a funny time to whisper to a dog.

"Why, yes, Bobby, if you must!"

"I think I must, Aunt Julia." And putting his lips to Thursday's ear, Bobby whispered: "This is your big

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chance, old sport. Aunt Julia's lost her bag, and if you could find it, she might let me keep you. Will you try?"

Thursday rolled over and over on the grass, barking loudly. He didn't know what Bobby wanted, but he knew he would try to do it.

"I'll see if I can find it, Aunt Julia," and Bobby started off on a run, Thursday at his heels, sniffing and nosing into everything. They had gone about a quarter of a mile, but there was no sign of the bag. They were in front of Mrs. Warner's house, a friend of Aunt Julia's, when Thursday suddenly stopped, and looked in the yard. Bobby called to him, but he didn't move. Yes, this was the place where he had chased a black cat out from those bushes grow-

## *Thursday*

ing around the piazza. How that cat could run! And perhaps she was in there now! Thursday made a dive up the walk, followed by Bobby.

“Hello, Bobby,” said Mrs. Warner, coming out to speak to him. “Did you come on an errand?”

“Not exactly,” said Bobby, removing his cap. “But Aunt Julia has lost her bag, and I’m trying to find it.”

“She stopped here on her way home, and I’m sure she had it then. Bobby, is that a dog chasing my cat?” cried Mrs. Warner, as she noticed something moving in the bushes.

Before Bobby could answer, Thursday backed out, dragging and shaking the lost bag, which he dropped at Bobby’s feet.



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“Oh, Mrs. Warner!” shouted Bobby. “He’s got it! He’s got it!” And he proudly held it up for her to see.

“I remember now, she changed her bundles from one arm to the other,” said Mrs. Warner, “and she must have dropped it then. I’m glad your dog found it; but I didn’t know you had a dog, Bobby!”

Bobby sat down on the steps, and drew Thursday between his knees. “He’s a tramp dog, Mrs. Warner, and Aunt Julia said I could keep him a week. To-day’s the last day!” he concluded, resting his cheek on his hand, in a hopeless way.

Mrs. Warner leaned down, and patted Bobby’s shoulder.

“Let me take the bag, sonny!” Mrs. Warner opened it, and pulled out a roll



THURSDAY BACKED OUT, SHAKING THE LOST BAG.—*Page 193.*



## *Thursday*

of bills, which she hastily counted.

“Sixty-eight dollars!” she exclaimed. “Why, that bag might have stayed in those bushes until next spring. Bobby, I think your dog has found a home. But hurry, for your Aunt Julia will be worrying!”

Bobby sprang up eagerly, took the bag, and whistling to Thursday, started for home on the run. “Good-by and good luck!” called Mrs. Warner.

Aunt Julia was setting the table when Bobby went in, the bag tucked inside his coat.

“Well, I didn’t expect you would find it,” she said. “You may carry Thursday’s supper out to him, and then we’ll have ours.”

Bobby tried hard not to laugh! As soon as Aunt Julia left the room, he



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slipped the bag into her chair. And when Aunt Julia pulled out her chair, she sat right down on the bag.

"You should have seen how funny she looked!" laughed Bobby, when he was telling Joey about it.

Aunt Julia got up quickly, and holding up the bag, said rather severely:

"Why, Bobby, you didn't say you had found it."

"You 'didn't ask me, Aunt Julia. And I didn't find it, Thursday did!"

"Thursday! That dog! Where?"

Then Bobby told her all about it. She opened the bag slowly and counted the money. Yes, it was all there, and the 'dog was some good, after all. She almost wished Bobby would tease to keep him, but she knew he wouldn't for



## *Thursday*

he had promised not to make a "fuss" when the week was up.

As Thursday thought he had been an outsider long enough, he came to the screen door, and whined. Then Aunt Julia did a most surprising thing! She went to the door, and opened it wide.

"Come in, Thursday, I guess you are one of the family now!" Picking up the roll of bills, she handed one to Bobby.

"To-morrow, you may take Thursday into town, and buy him a nice collar, and have his name put on it,—so we can't lose him," she added, trying not to smile.

"You're going—to—let me—keep him, Aunt Julia?" asked Bobby, as though he could hardly believe it.

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“Of course, Bobby!” she answered, just as if she had really meant to all the time.

Bobby knew he was the happiest boy in all the world, as he ran over to tell Joey the good news.

That night, before Aunt Julia put out the lights, she tiptoed into Bobby’s room. He was fast asleep, and curled up beside him was the little dog who had found a home. Thursday opened one eye, half expecting to be sent out; but a warm hand was laid on his head, and a very kind voice said:

“You may stay, Thursday, because Bobby keeps you so clean; and I believe I do like dogs, after all.”

Had Bobby been awake, he would have said, “If a dog could talk, Aunt

## *Thursday*

Julia, Thursday would say, 'And I like you, too.' ”

But as Thursday couldn't talk, he simply closed his eye, and with a grateful sigh, settled himself for a long nap.

THE END











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